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No. 64.

DREAMS.

BY E. E. REXFORD

How far away the future seems t We look adown the years, And dream our sweet and happy dreams, And never think of tears.

We dream of love to brighten life, And peace, to give us rest; And quite forget that care and strife Must touch each earthly breast.

Ah, well! Our dreams are only dreams; And never quite come true— And life is never what it seems, Stretched out before our view.

But I am glad that dreams are ours. They help us to forget, Although one thinks, in waking hours, Of them, in vain regret.

The dreamer finds a little rest; A respite, sweet, but brief; So dream away. To dream is best, Forgetting care and grief.

In the Web:

THE GIRL-WIFE'S TRIALS

A HEART AND LIFE ROMANCE OF THE CRESCENT CITY. BY EDWIN SOUTH.

CHAPTER X.

DID SHE LOVE HIM? It was a bright, cheery morning, early in February. The leaves were coming out fresh and beautiful again, and the grass was strewn with those which had just fallen

Blanche Davenant was seated in her chamber, reading carefully a letter she had just received from Major Cecil. It was full of interest to her, as it would have been to any woman similarly circumstanced. It contained an avowal of love for her, and was written with that delicacy which, to the cultivated gentleman is so natural and her cultivated gentleman, is so natural and be-

He told her frankly that he was fully aware of her engagement to Mark Blanchard; that he had no hope of winning a place in her heart, and that, knowing this,

he felt, oh, so lonely, and had quite made up his mind to leave New Orleans forever.

"I will be with you before noon, to-day, to say good-by and God bless you."

This was the concluding sentence, and when Blanche had read it through she pressed the missive to her heart and fell to ed the missive to her heart and fell to weeping. In those two months in which she had known Graham Cecil, she had learned to prize him very highly. He was so kind, so considerate, so attentive, and so wholly unlike Mark Blanchard, that she was not quite sure she did not more than Her affianced husband had not secured her heart. She felt sure of this now, although she had not the courage tell him so. And, after all, what should she do when Graham Cecil would go away and

This was the query that she put to her heart on that bright February morning, and finding how empty was her life—how void of promise her future was—she could do nothing but weep bitter, bitter tears.

She was Tying upon a sofa, her face buried in the cushions, and her cheeks all wet and tear-stained, when her father entered the

Colonel Davenant was greatly surprised. He had never before seen his child so griefstricken, and it was with a tender hand he stroked her hair back, and, lifting her head up, kissed her fondly. What is the matter, Blanche darling?" asked. "What has happened?"

She could not speak at first; her tears were falling now heavier than ever. Although she managed to reply

"Oh, father, I am afraid I do not love Mark as I should. And—and I really do not know what to do. I'm so unhappy-so

"Why, my daughter," answered the old man, "I am shocked at this. I was under the impression that this union was acceptable to you. Had I ever had a suspicion even to the contrary, be sure I would not have permitted matters to have gone so far."

Colonel Davenant spoke solemnly, even sadly, and it was evident this revelation of s daughter caused him pain.
"Are you quite sure, Blanche, that this is

not a whim; that, in short, you understand your heart ?" I don't know," was the reply; "maybe it is only a notion. But, whatever it is, whether a whim or a reality, I know it has

made me very wretched."

Again she bowed her head and wept. Colonel Davenant did not speak at once he waited for her grief to spend its force.

and then said, very calmly:

"My child, this is a very serious matter, and one that should not be treated lightly. volved, and we should be very careful how we tread on dangerous ground. Remempledge of a lady, to marry this young man. He deeply loves you, and you should be very careful that you do not do him a grave in-

Blanche looked her father straight in the eyes as he said this, and then replied:
"Yes, you are right. I have acted foolishly, and I will try to do better."

But, understand this, my child," added the colonel: "I do not advise you to wed this man unless you think you can love him, and be to him a good and confiding wife."
She hung her head and answered in a low

voice: "I will try to do my duty He took the sweet young face between his hands, and, looking into the depths of her soul-lit eyes, said:



"Blanche, your sorrow at my departure is more than I had a right to expect, and I thank you for it."

He kissed her still wet cheek, and, after promising to be home soon, started off to see an old banker friend on Carondolet street. An hour later Blanche met Graham Cecil in the drawing-room. She was very calm and reserved, for she had nerved herself for

After talking a few moments about com-monplace matters, Blanche ventured to re-"And so, major, you are going away?"
"Yes, Blanche; I am going away—for-

She bit her lips; her eyes fell; that word forever rung through her brain with a pitiful sound. Neither spoke for an instant.

The silence was becoming embarrassing when Graham said: "Blanche, you understand why I am going away. You know the secret that I have so carefully concealed from every eye, going away.

and you also know how hopeless that passion is. I have only come to say good-by. To say any thing else now would be worse than vain. I can only regret that, before I had an opportunity to convince you of my affection, you were already the promised wife of another. Such mistakes occur in ife quite often, I suppose, and I will have to bear my disappointment as others have borne theirs. It will do you no harm, I hope, to know that, whatever may come to me in the future, no other person will ever have the place in my heart, now held by

She never uttered a word-not even when he had finished. Her heart was too full of love and pity for that man, whose voice trembled as he spoke, to admit of language, just then. Her head, with all its wealth of beautiful hair, dropped down low and low er, and, at last, the tears flooded her eyes,

He looked down upon the bowed form, not knowing how to interpret her silence, until he caught sight of her tears, dropping like purest pearls upon the carpet.

"Blanche, your sorrow at my departure is more than I had a right to expect, and I thank you for it." He reached out his hand, and she took it without looking up.

He was turning away. He dare not stay longer; his voice was growing husky; his wild, earnest passion was struggling for Speech; he was forgetting that Blanche Davenant was the espoused of another. "Graham!" It was Blanche who spoke,

and, in an instant, he was by her side. She was now looking up calmly into his ace. Remembering what she was to Mark Blanchard, her womanly sense of duty and dignity came back to her, and she felt strong again in the knowledge that she had a path marked out for her feet which duty and honor compelled her to tread.

"Graham Cecil, you have witnessed my weakness," she began; "you know now that you are very dear to me. But here it must all end. We can never hope to be any thing to each other more than what we

You do not love Mark Blanchard then?" asked Major Cecil, eagerly, his face lighting

"I do not know. I respect Mark Blanchard, and myself, enough to keep my vow, I trust. Had I never seen you, I possibly would have loved him more. I shall try to do what is right. No one can ask more of

Your decision does you credit, Blanche. I would almost as soon lose you as have you prove false to a plighted troth. Now, how-ever, I can ask—if any thing ever comes between your vow and its fulfillment, that ou will let me know. Do you promise

"I do," was the reply.

He raised the hand he held in his to his

'And now, Blanche Davenant-only woman that I ever loved—you are lost to me. Farewell, darling—farewell!"

He was gone! The bright sunlight lay in

a golden patch on the velvet carpet where ne stood but an instant since, and Blanche's eyes were riveted to the spot as if she hoped, by her aching gaze, to conjure him back again. The silence was very deep. The clock on the elaborately-carved mantelpiece was ticking so loudly that it seemed

"Good-by, my little friend; God bless, to be growing stronger each second. Save this, and the beating of that poor girl's heart, there was nothing to fall upon the ear in all that splendid apartment.

With all its luxurious appointments, with all its rare embellishments, it now appeared vacant and void to her. That man who had just gone out forever had taken all the light with him; and, realizing this, she fell for-ward upon her face. Her hair, unloosened in rippling beauty where late Graham Cecil's footprints were, and her lips murmured: "Gone forever—never, never to come back again to me!"

CHAPTER XI.

IN THE STREETS! It was a dark night. The rain fell in a thin mist; the streets were glistening under the gas-lights, and the gutters of New Oreans were filled with water to the very curbs. The swamp which stretched be-tween the city and the lake was overflowed. and refused to take what the city gutters of fered, while a stiff eastern breeze drove Pontchartrain's waters over the banks in all directions. It was a very cheerless night, and so thought Bradley Turner, as he stepped briskly along Perdido and turned into Dryades street. His course lay toward Canal street, through those dens of infamy where women abound, but where virtue and innocence, alas! have no habitation.

Just as he passed the corner of Union, an old man came out of a house to the right and fell forward upon the pavement. His head struck the bricks with such force that Turner thought his skull had been broken.
"Dead drunk, poor wretch!" was Brad's

exclamation, as he stooped down and lifted up the old man's head.

No, not drunk-only crazy," answered The fall had injured him seriously; the blood was flowing in a warm, scarlet current from a wound behind his left ear, and one side of his head was much bruised.

He was not drunk; Bradley saw that now, and, touched with compassion, he

"What made you fall?"

"I am exhausted," was the reply. "I could not keep my feet longer. Oh, sir! I wish I was dead—I wish that fall had killed

me outright."

"And I am precious glad it didn't," replied Turner. "Now, give me your hand.
That's it. Now you are on your feet

The stranger was upon his feet, but his whole frame was quivering, and his eyes were burning as if the fire of madness had taken possession of the sockets.

He seemed scarcely to understand his position at first, but gradually his wandering senses returned, and he said, grasping Turner's hand:

"God bless you, my friend; you have done me a valuable service, and I wish I was able to repay you in something better than words."

"Seeing as I don't expect any pay," replied Turner, "you needn't give yourself much trouble on that score. What brought you into that house? Seems to me, if you'll pardon the boldness, that that ain't just the

pardon the boldness, that that ann't just the kind of a place for a respectable man to be found at this hour of the night."

"Misfortune brought me here, sir," was the answer; "but, it's a long story."

"If it is," put in Turner, "you had better not stop here to tell it. Where do you live?"

"Where do I live?"

"Yes, in what part of the city?"

"Yes, in what part of the city?"
"I have no home here. I live in Tennessee, but I have been here for five days, wandering the streets in search of a lost child, without eating, without sleeping, and, worse then all without success."

than all, without success."

Bradley Turner, with all his rough experience, was touched at this. The hopeless dejection of the old man, his faltering voice, so full of exquisite sadness, had awakened a tender chord in his own heart, and when the

tender chord in his own heart, and when the stranger reached out his hand and said, "Good-by," Turner promptly exclaimed: "No, old man, you must come with me. Brad Turner is not rich, but he can give you a home for a while, and, maybe, he can help you to find your child."

The two men clasped each others' hands and looked into each others' faces.

This was a new role to poor, wayward, and sometimes, wicked Brad Turner, this turning philanthropist; and so he felt awkward, and a trifle shy, too, as he took the stranger's arm and led him away.

The two men bent their steps toward the

The two men bent their steps toward the house on Dauphin street, where we parted with Mangy and the old crone, on the night prior to Tillie's departure for Mexico. Mangy was sitting in her little sittingroom, trying to read a French fiction. The

rose-leaves in the carpet were glowing brightly, and the woolen vine-leaves were trailing their emerald beauty everywhere. She had changed very much in those two months since we last saw her. Her whole demeanor was more subdued, and she no nger answered to the hideous abbreviation of her given name, to which Silas had ac-customed her. Even Brad Turner had mas-

tered his passion for short names, and managed to call her Magdalean Norman, with an ease that astonished himself The story she was reading told of a girl who had fallen among evil companions, and and been almost lost, but, through a heroic determination to lead a pure life, had saved herself from ruin, and finally married an honorable man, and lived all her future

days in a quiet cottage, surrounded by the barriers of an honest devotion. "I'll be such a girl!" exclaimed Magda-lean, closing the book. "I will place a wide gap between my past and my future life. Thank God, I have not sinned too deeply

for repentance Just as she uttered these words, the door of the room was pushed open and Bradley Turner entered. He took off his hat, and said, respectfully

Miss Magdalean, there is a poor old man down-stairs, whom I picked up in the streets, and I'd like to bring him up-stairs to my room. He is quiet and won't make any

Bradley, this is your house, and not mine, so you can, of course, bring those you like here. But, I hope this protege of yours is a respectable person—one that neither of us should be ashamed to recognize as a

Bradley Turner looked down into the upbrantey Turner looked down into the up-turned face of the girl, and, after a pause, said: "Magdalean, don't you know I've gotten a heap of respect for you? Don't you know I have treated you just like a sister since you left that old bogus father who was leading you to the bad? There, who was leading you to the bad? There, you needn't color up. I know you never were bad; but, then, you don't suppose you could have lived long with Silas Norman without getting soiled some, do you?"

"No; I am very much afraid my surroundings were none of the best; but, as

you say, I have come out of the fire unscathed, and in all my future life I mean to remain so. But, who is this man, Bradley?"
"Well, to tell you candidly, Magdalean, I found him in Dryades street.

In Dryades street?" "Now, don't go starting in that way. The poor old fellow was not guilty of wrong. He is in search of a lost daughter, wrong. He is in search of a lost daughter, who, he fears, has gone to wreck in this big

Magdalean started, as if shocked by an ectric flash. "Where is he from?" she electric flash.

"Bradley! I have an idea!"
"Indeed!"

Yes, indeed! Mark Blanchard took his wife from Tennessee. Don't you remem-

I think I do," was the slow response "Perhaps this man's daughter and the



girl, Tillie Maynard, are one and the same person? Don't you see?" you see?" replied Bradley, stroking "but, seems to me that you jump at conclusions suddenly like?"

like?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I simply mean that many a man might have a daughter in Tennessee as well as my new friend, and many a man's daughter might wander down the Mississippi to New Orleans as well as my friend Blanchard's wife. Don't you think so, now?"

Yes, she thought so, but the cool, doubtful manner of Bradley was very annoying to a young, impetuous girl, who had just satisfied herself that she had made an interesting discovery.

discovery.

Seeing this, Turner said: "Now, perhaps you are right, after all; and if you are Till bag my head, that's all."

Saying this, he started off and soon re-

turned, leading in the old man.

Magdalean placed a large chair for him, close to the center-table, and dropped into a

"You are hurt," she exclaimed, in alarm, noticing the blood upon his clothing.

"Yes, miss, but not bad," replied the old gentleman. "My heart is much sorer than

"But, you must have your head dressed. Here, Bradley, do you get that towel on the rack there, and, while I hold the basin, you

can bathe the wound."
"But, I don't want to trouble you, miss," said the old man. "I'm not worth minding. Indeed, I'm not!"

Magdalean paid no heed to his remonstrance, but busied herself about the apartment, and ordered Bradley until the stranger's head was neatly bandaged and his clothing carefully brushed. When all this had been accomplished, she sat down again, and, while her face beamed with ex-

pectation, she said:
"I'm going to ask you a very important question, and I am just dying to hear your The old man stared into the pretty face, and said: "Well, go on; I'll answer you any thing."

any thing."

"What is your name?"

She was leaning over the table now, eagerly awaiting his reply.

"Robert Maynard," was the reply.

"And your daughter's name was—"

"Matilda. Although we always called her Tillie"

Magdalean leaped to her feet and caught

Bradley Turner by the collar of his coat.
"What did I tell you, eh? What a silly, shallow set you men are, after all! Now, Brad Turner, what have you to say for Poor Bradley looked very guilty, indeed, and answered, with a crestfallen air, really

'Well, you see, Magdalean, I was never much on prophecy. But, I can tell you one thing: I am as glad that that old man has turned up as if I had just been handed the largest prize in Charley Howard's lottery. I am, upon my soul!"

tery. I am, upon my soul!"
"I know you are, you great big, goodhearted fellow! But then, you know, you ought to have more faith in women than

you have."
This was said in a bantering, laughing way; and then she turned to Robert Mayrard, who was regarding both her and Turner with a look of surprise.

"Now, don't you get excited," she began, "but I think I know where your daughter is ""

"Oh, my God!" he exclaimed, the tears welling up into his eyes; "at last! at

"There, old man, now keep cool, will you?" said Turner. "No person can tell you any thing as long as you carry on in this ctyle."

But, I am nearly wild, sir; you can't understand my feelings, sir—indeed, indeed, you can't, sir. My poor wife is waiting my return, nearly as crazy as I am."
"Well, then, your daughter has been in
New Orleans," said Magdalean, wiping the

moisture from her eyes, "and she is now in

Mexico."

"In Mexico!" he ejaculated; "in Mexico! My poor child in Mexico! Oh, surely you are teasing me, miss. You really don't mean that my poor Tillie is so far away?"

"Yes, she is," replied Magdalean; "at least, that's where they took her, months ago."
"Who took her?" His eyes were wide

open now, and there was a fierce, hard look in them. "Who took my child away? Who dared to take her?"

Is it possible that you have not suspicioned some person of taking her away?" questioned Turner. "You don't think the girl would leave her home and come way down here if there was not a man in the

A man? Do you mean to say that she was kidnapped-that she was forced away from her home?"
"No," replied Turner, "she wasn't, but

she was coaxed away."
"Coaxed away?" repeated Maynard.
Then he closed his eyes an instant and ap-

peared lost in thought; and, finally, starting violently, exclaimed: "Do you mean a young man named Mark Blanchard, who visited our village a few months since?"
"I guess you are on the right track at last, my friend," replied Turner.

"And he it was who ruined her?"
"Yes, and no."

"I mean," returned Turner, "that he ruined her by marrying her, but that she is not lost, as you suppose her, but simply a deceived wife." The old man grasped Bradley by the

hand, and, while his voice grew husky, and the tears streamed down his wrinkled face, Thank God, she is not a thing of sham

I can bear any thing now—any thing but that. Oh, God, that's what was killing me and her poor, poor mother!"

He covered his face with his hands and wept; and so did Turner and Magdalean,

When he recovered from his first great joy, they told him every thing the reader already knows, of Mark Blanchard's plot to rid himself of his lawful wife, and to form As he listened, his eyes dilated with won der, and his hands worked nervously as the story was finished. He would like to go at He would like to go at once and throttle the knave; he would like to expose him, and visit upon him the full weight of a father's vengeance before the coming surrise; but, Magdalean stopped

him, by saying : "You must have more care, or you will "You must have more care, or you will

will your laudable efforts amount to? Simply nothing! He will have you arrested for a lunatic; you will have no evidence to

for a lunatic; you will have no evidence to prove either your sanity or your charges, and a mad-house will not afford you a very excellent opportunity of finding your child."

He admitted the force of her reasoning, and she went on to say, that she would furnish him with the necessary funds to go to Mexico in search of his daughter, and that, in the mean time, she would have a close watch kept upon Mark Blanchard's movements, and prevent him, if possible, from committing bigamy."

"And if I find her, what then?"

"Then," answered Magdalean, a gleam of triumph in her beauteous face, "we will unmask this wretch, and show Miss Blanche Davenant the kind of clay of which her

Davenant the kind of clay of which her idol is made."

After talking the matter over and over, it was settled that Robert Maynard should start on his long journey early on the fol-

(To be continued—commenced in No. 61.)

The Winged Whale: THE MYSTERY OF RED RUPERT

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN, AUTHOR OF "SCARLET HAND," "HEART OF FIRE, "WOLF DEMON," ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE CHASE. On to the ocean, parting the dark billows with their white caps of foam, swiftly glided the fishing-boats. The breeze, freshening every moment, filled the little sails and urged on the light crafts with racer-like speed. True children of the sea, they danced merrily on the bosom of the heaving

Many an anxious glance the fugitives cast behind them at their pursuers. But the distance between the boats lessened not. Many

an anxious glance Andrews cast upward to
the sky. Rupert noticed the glances.

"Why do you look at the sky so anxiously, Andrews?" he asked.

"Watching the clouds and wishing," Andrews replied, with another glance upward.

"Wishing for what?"

"For darkness. If one of those clouds asendding across the sky would only hide the

scudding across the sky would only hide the light of the moon for twenty or thirty minutes, I could tack, evade those fellows and run back to the city, leaving them to go on a wild-goose chase oceanward."

"There seems to be but little chance of the moon being hid," Rupert said, after a long look at the sky. That's so?" cried Andrews, in a tone of

Let us hope that the clouds will gath

'But they are all broken ones, confound em!" growled Andrews, in a discontented tone. "There's a big one, though, over there," and the Yankee pointed to a huge black cloud that, like a great vulture, was hovering in the air over the sky of Pensa-

"Yes; if the force of the wind does not split it up into fragments, it will vail the light of the moon most effectually."

"Jest so! that's what I calculate on," Andrews said, quietly. "Once let the darkness hide us and I'll jest up helm and slip

"But, if the darkness does come, may they not suspect that we will endeavor to elude them by such a trick?" Isabel asked.

whether they suspect it or not. There's too much sea-room here for us to run afoul of em, unless luck is awfully on their side,

Then the Yankee turned his head to gaze gain at the boat of the pursuers.

Isabel was seated by Rupert's side, her neircled by his arm: On her face wa ritten calm contentment; no thoughts o langer there. The blue eyes that looked into the face of the sailor were full of trust

and love.

"Are you not cold, Isabel?" asked Rupert, anxiously, as he looked into the sweet face of the girl.

"No," she replied, with a loving smile

Yet the night air is chill. I can feel it and I am a sailor used to storm and hard-

"Am I not by your side?" a bright look of love in her pure blue eyes as she put the And does that keep you warm?" he

asked, laughing.
"Yes." The answer was but a single word—a simple "yes," yet it spoke volumes to the heart of Rupert. 'Oh, Isabel, you are a treasure!" he mur

mured, earnestly, as he pressed the beautiful 'I hope that you will find me so, in the cure," she said, with quite a sober look

"I have no doubts, Isabel, except, per-haps, that I am not worthy to win the love

of such an angel as you are."
"No angel, Rupert; only a woman, with all a woman's faults, and, I hope, with all a

woman's love.

I do not doubt that!" the sailor replied. quickly. "Are you not flying with me from home and friends? Linking your fortunes with those of a man of whom you know almost nothing? How know you what have been since we parted, years ago? I may be an outcast from my fellow-men. How dare you trust your young heart in my

I look in your eyes and I read there honesty and truth. You can not make me doubt you, say what you will. I do not think that the boy who fearlessly risked his life to save the little girl that he loved from he panther's jaws, grown to manhood ould so wrong the woman that he loved as to ask her to share his life if he was no vorthy of the heartfelt passion that she is e willing to give him

With every word that fell from her lips, Rupert felt that he loved her more and

more. "I can not make you doubt me then, or hake your love?" he said. Not with your words," she said, smiling

Rupert, you are the only being on earth that I love. I have no relative living in the world. You must be to me, husband, fa-ther, brother, all. In yonder city there is no one that I care for, excepting the commandante, Don Alvarado, my guardian. have waited long and anxiously for you to ruin all our plans. Suppose you go to-night and publicly denounce this villain, what whispered that you would come, some day.

I knew you the moment I set eyes upon your face, although you have changed greatly. Rupert, my love—my husband; the promise that the lips of the girl gave, the heart of the woman is ready to fulfill."

"Isabel, whatever I have been in the past, in the future I will try to be worthy of your

love; no act of mine shall bring a blush to your fair brow," the sailor said, earnestly.
"I do not fear," smilingly replied the "You prove that by your confidence. You have not even asked whither we are

I am going with you, and that contents "But, Isabel, I can not take you from your home at present. When we join our fates together we must leave Pensacola forever. That at present I can not do. I received a

communication this afternoon from New Orleans in regard to a certain piece of business. That business will detain me in Pensacola perhaps a week more, and it may be longer. Thave thought of a plan by means of which I think we can outwit the malice of yonder Spaniard. It will seem to him as if we are in league with the powers of dark-ness below."

ness below."
"Act as you please," said Isabel, softly.
"I will obey without a murmur; without even a question."
The conversation between the lovers had

been carried on in low tones, and Andrews at the helm, had discreetly kept his eyes elsewhere, and had not disturbed the two

with his gaze.
"We shall have to make for the cove after all," said Rupert, aloud, with an earnest glance at the dark cloud that was slowly ad-

vancing seaward.

"Yes, sir; no chance of giving them the slip at present. Whoever is handling yonder boat knows the sea like a book. I didn't believe that any of the Spaniard's cutthroats knew enough to handle a sea-craft," Andrews said, slowly. He had a supreme contempt for the "Dons," as he termed the

Spaniards.

We will now turn our attention to the pursuing boat which contained Estevan and his assassin band.

As they sped on, cleaving through the billows, and the good boat walking the waters like a thing of life, Estevan kept his eyes intently fixed upon the white sail of the fugitives, that spread like the wing of some huge sea-bird over the crested bil-

Long and intently he watched, and then, at last, a bitter oath broke from his lips.

"Curses on the luck! we are not gaining an inch!" he cried.

"No, senor; the other boat is as fast a sailer as our own," calmly replied Baptiste, whose hand on the tiller shaped the course of the boat. "Besides, we are carrying a heavier load. There is but three on board of her, six with us."

"He still holds his course seaward,"
Roque said; "once outside the bay on the

Roque said; "once outside the bay on the ocean, he'll give us the slip."

"No fear of that; he's not fool enough to risk that egg-shell of a craft on the rough billows outside. She'd not live ten minutes in the heavy sea!" Baptiste exclaimed.

Still onward they glided. Santa Rosa Island rose black upon their left. Estevan and Baptiste cast many an anxious glance at the sky. They feared that the heavy cloud that was advancing so rapidly, borne from the land on the bosom of the swift wind, would cover the clear, round moon, wind, would cover the clear, round moon and thus aid the escape of their prey.

They had grounds for apprehension, for the cloud was dark and heavy; it was advancing, too, with great speed.

Then, as they looked upon the white sail of the fishing-boat in whose wake they followed so closely, they saw that she still held her course right onward, as if intent upon finding safety upon the broad waters of the

"If that cursed cloud covers the face of the moon, the game is up!" Estevan cried, You are right, senor captain," Baptiste

"In the darkness they can tack, put back to Pensacola, and escape us. Estevan did not derive much consolation from the words of the pilot. "Is there no way by which we can increase our speed?" the Spaniard asked.

I can only think of one." And that is?" "Throw two or three of these gentlemen verboard," Baptiste replied, with grim hu 'Oh, we should drown!" cried Roque, in

"I never could bear water in any "Hullo he seems to be changing his ourse!" exclaimed Estevan.
Baptiste watched the light craft before

m for a moment in silence You are right, senor; he is hugging the

shore more closely."
"What can be his motive?" "Satan only knows! It can not be to ive him more sea-room. If he intended to ake advantage of the coming darkness and

dip by us, his wisest course would have been to run more to the island. I can not Then, even while their eyes were fixed

intently upon the boat, it suddenly disap-A cry of astonishment, not unmixed with

horror, went up from the Spaniards.
"It's gone to the devil!" muttered Roque, who looked upon all Americans as being hand-in-glove with Satan.
"By Heaven! this is wonderful!" ex-

claimed Estevan. As for Baptiste, he said nothing, but shaped the course of the boat more in to the

What are you going to do?" asked Estevan, who noticed his motion.
"Find out where you boat has gone to I'm no believer in miracles. You have a suspicion then? What is

"Wait, and your answer will come from the shore yonder," Baptiste replied. On glided the boat; all on board waiting with anxiety. Ten minutes, and rounding a little point of land—a sort of natural head

land that projected into the waters of the bay—they saw the narrow entrance to the bayou. Twas the same wherein the fishermen had ventured in their craft, in the open A cry of astonishment went up on the air.

The Spaniards now understood the strange disappearance of the fugitives. But, even as they rounded the point and glided into the still waters of the bayou, that were protected by the headland from the disturbing influence of the wind, the dark cloud, that both pursued and pursuers had watched with such eager eyes, passed slowly over the bright face of the silver moon. An inky darkness fell on sea and land. The gloom

of the bayou shut the boat of the fugitives from the eyes of the hunters.

CHAPTER XXIII. THE DEMON OF THE BAYOU. SATAN himself aids this accursed Amer "SATAN himself ands this accursed American!" cried Estevan, in anger.

"Shall we go on?" asked Baptiste.

"Yes, Til not give up the chase yet!" cried Estevan, quickly.

"We'll have to get out the oars, then, for the breeze has died away; or rather, this headland keeps it from us. The sail no longer feels its influence."

The words of Baptiste were true, the can-The words of Baptiste were true; the can-

vas flapped idly against the mast.

"Out with the sweeps then. I'll follow them, even into the jaws of the world below!" The tone of the Spanish captain told full well that he would keep his angry determination.

The long blades of the oars dipped into the ink-like water; slowly the boat glided

"Comrade," said Roque to the soldier next to him, as he tugged at the oar, "I'd give a few pieces of gold to be well out of this. The captain talks about the jaws of the world below; it seems to me that we are in the mouth of Hades already."

The dread influence of the darkness of the

bayou was beginning to have its effect upon the superstitions minds of the Spaniards. Warily they looked around them, expecting each instant to see demon faces glaring in

Estevan, his eyes fixed upon the darkness

before him, was vainly striving to catch a glimpse of the white sail that had so suddenly disappeared from his view.

"If the breeze befriends us not, neither does it serve this cursed American. If we motion, he also must have been obliged to use the same means; yet I can not hear a single sound re-echoing across the water," he said, his puzzled look betraying his astonishment

"It is strange," replied Baptiste, to whom the same thought had occurred, and who had been listening, expecting each moment to hear the dip of oars, or the grating sound as they struck against the wood of the oar-

But all was still. Silence reigned supreme over the dark waters of the bayou. "Oh! they've gone down below or up into the air," muttered Roque; "Satan always aids his children, and this American is a

A dozen boat-lengths forward had the Spaniards advanced, when a cry of astonishment broke from the lips of one of the soldiers in the bow of the fishing-boat. Estevan and Baptiste re-echoed the cry. The two soldiers tugging at the oars stopped in their toil and turned their heads in wonder. Afar off on the surface of the dark waters

of the bayou shone a circle of light.

The eyes of the Spaniards opened wide with horror as they gazed upon the strange

Holy Virgin save us! what is that?" cried Roque, in terror.
"It is Satan himself! We are lost?" exclaimed one of the soldiers, sinking upon

his knees, in prayer.

"Bend to your oars again, men!" cried Estevan, in desperation. "By heaven! I swear I'll not turn back until I know the

meaning of this strange sight!" A cry of mingled horror and expostula-tion went up from the soldiers at this deter-

"Oh, senor captain, this is madness!" cried Roque. "It is tempting Heaven to put ourselves in the power of the spirits of darkness that haunt this dreadful place. Rather let us bend to our oars and fly with all possible speed."
"Yes, yes!" exclaimed the soldiers, in as-

sent to the words of their comrade "I fear not the spirits of this place, al-though they be devils fresh from the flames below!" exclaimed Estevan, fiercely. "Again I say, bend to your oars and we'll soon know why yonder light floats on the surface

But it is a spirit light, senor captain. pleaded Roque, acting as spokesman for the It may be produced by natural causes.

Let us advance and we will discover the But," senor captain, "it is certain death to brave the power of the spirits of the other world!" exclaimed Roque. "See, yonder mystie light is steadily advancing to-ward us; it is a warning for us to retire. The spirits are angry because we have entered upon their domaine Listen to reason, Senor Estevan, and let us fly from this ac cursed spot at once. If we linger here, our lives will pay the forfeit for our rashness."
"Cowards!" cried Estevan, in a rage, "do

you value life so highly? "By the Virgin, senor, a man has but one life," muttered Roque, sullenly; "if a man had nine lives, like a cat, he could afford to throw one away; but, as it is, he can't "You will not obey my orders, then?" demanded Estevan, in wrath. Why should a man go to certain death?"

exclaimed Roque, sullenly, and with a de-Yes; why?" muttered the soldiers, in a

Estevan drew a pistol from his belt, cocked it quickly, and leveled it full at the head of Roque.

"Dog!" he cried, in anger, "take up your oar or I'll give you the death that you are so fearful of, at once. Bend to your sweep,

or you die upon the instant! In the gleaming eye of the Spanish cap tain the soldier saw written fierce determination. He felt assured that his officer would keep his word. "Well," he said, sullenly, and after paus-

ing for a moment, "I'll obey orders; our deaths will lie at your door. Let me turn round, though; I don't want to back into cortain doors." certain death "As you please," Estevan replied.
The two at the oars changed their places, so that they faced the circle of light. long sweeps again descended into the water,

and once more the light boat glided on-ward; but slowly though, for the heart of the rowers was not in their toil. Estevan once more turned his attention to the mysterious light that floated upon the surface of the dark waters of the bayou. Suddenly a cry of surprise burst from the lips of the Spanish captain. The cry was

taken up by the lips of each soul within the In the center of the circle of light that rested upon the water, a dark and terrible form was rising. To the fear-starting eyes of the Spaniards it seemed to rise from the dark depths of the bayou. Slowly, little by little, it appeared.

All within the little craft gazed, spell-bound with terror, upon the awful form. Never before had their eyes looked upon any thing that bore a semblance to the frightful figure that now appeared in the center of the circle of light.

The rowers ceased their work; the oars remained suspended over the water; the boat lost its headway and lay like a log upon the surface of the inky tide.

Larger and larger grew the demon form. It assumed the shape of a fluge fish with great, dark wings projecting from its shoulders. Its hage eyes, starting from its head, were red and gleaned like balls of fire.

Terror-stricken, the Spaniards gazed upon the awful figure. Forgotten now was all thoughts of flight. Fear held them within its iron bond, and paralyzed both mind and

With eyes of awe they looked; they Telt that the hour of doom was near.

And, as the helpless men, benumbed by the chill fingers of fear, looked upon the demon form, its huge mouth opened, and forth came a fearful blast of flame and smoke. The sulphurous fumes floated on the air; the flame leaped upward to the sky; and then, as if by magic, on the instant the demon form, the mystic light, all vanished, and darkness again reigned supreme

its iron bond, and paralyzed both mind and

within the bayou. Like men awakened from a fearful dream, the soldiers tugged at their oars with arms possessed of giant power. The thin blades quivered as they beat the water with their powerful stroke, and bent like whalebone as they pushed heak the waves. as they pushed back the waves. Cold drops of perspiration poured from the bronzed foreheads of the rowers. No word was spoken till the light boat, freed from the dark embrace of the bayou, floated on the white-capped waters of the bay, and the sail once more felt the free kiss of the strong

The cloud that had shut in the moon now broke into fragments, and the clear rays of pure Luna once more lit up the bay. With pallid faces the Spaniards looked upon each other. Long breaths they drew, for they felt that in truth they had escaped

from a terrible danger.

"For the city?" questioned Baptiste, his hand on the little tiller.

"Yes; the American has escaped us; further pursuit is useless. What can mortal man do with him that is leagued with the Powers of Darkness?" said Estevan, his brow clouded with rage as he spoke.

Ah, senor captain!" cried Roque, "I've often heard it said, by the fishermen of the bay, that this bayou, from which we have just escaped, was haunted by evil spirits. They tell wild and fearful tales about it. The American, being a heretic and doomed to evil when he dies, of course Satan's following the course state in the course state in the course state. lowers have no power upon him; that is the reason why he finds shelter in the bayou from which this water demon drives us. By the Mass! did you see the mouth of the monster? It was as big as a church door. Why he could have swallowed our boat and

we in it at a single gulp."

Estevan was silent, buried in busy thought during the run up to the city. The wind being against them, they did not return as quickly as they had come.

The soldiers amused themselves had

The soldiers amused themselves by repeating fearful tales of demons and hobgoblins, and by the time they landed on the beach at Pensacola, they had got into such a state of fear that they were ready to fly at

the sight of their own shadows.

As he landed upon the strand, Estevan looked at his watch.
"It is just twelve," he said.
"Just the hour for the imps of Satan to

appear," muttered Roque, with a fearful glance around him. "Comrade," he said, addressing Baptiste, "you had better come with me. You may be carried off by some evil spirit if you go home alone."

Baptiste accepted the invitation, and the

party proceeded to the garrison. Entering the garrison yard Roque and the soldiers, together with Baptiste, went to their quarters, while Estevan with a moody brow went toward his. As he passed the mansion of his father, he noticed that a light shone through the cur-

tained window of Isabel's room. She left a light burning for her return," murmured. "Ah! I'm afraid that she I never return now. She is lost to me he murmured. will never return now. forever. My star of fortune is hid by evil

In the darkness the Spaniard stumbled over a man, stretched out asleep at the foot of the steps that led to the mansion. With a grunt, the sleeper awoke, and, as he slowly rose to his feet, Estevan saw that it was deno, the black slave who waited upon

He is probably waiting for his mistress to return," Estevan murmured, to himself. "Geno," he said, aloud, "you need not wait for Senorita Isabel longer; she will not re-

What's dat, senor?" asked the black, in astonishment. I say your mistress will not return to-

Why, she done come back long ago!" Estevan stared at the negro in astonish-Your mistress returned?"

"Dat's so, sure!" Estevan was utterly bewildered. "You are lying, fool!" he cried, fiercely.
"Wish I may die if I don't speak de bressed trufe. Look dar!" The black point-

And there on the white curtain appeared the dark shadow of Isabel's perfect form.

This is witchcraft!" Estevan murmured. CHAPTER XXIV.

A DOUBLE MYSTERY. ESTEVAN sat in his quarters, gazing listlessly out of the window. The morning sun gilded the tree-tops and the birds sung gayly amid the leafy bowers. The mind of the Spaniard was full of troubled thoughts. The more he reflected

upon the events that had occurred during the previous night, the more he was zled. He could not understand how puzzled. Isabel could have reached the town before him. It seemed as if some invisible spirit aided the American. The demon form, too, that had barred his entrance to the bayou. What magic power had caused it to rise, phantom-like, from the inky waters?

I can not understand it," he muttered, his brow gloomy with dark thoughts. "Do the spirits of evil aid my foe? Is he leagued with the fiends of darkness? It is incredi-ble, and yet the events of last night seem to prove that my rival possesses more than

A sharp knock at the door interrupted Estevan's musing. He bade his visitor en-ter. The door opened and the Spanish lieutenant, Cadova, appeared.



"Good-morning, senor captain!" cried the lieutenant, gayly. "Are you listening to the birds singing in the bushes? They sing of peace and love, but I must talk of a dif-

ferent subject—war and hate."
Estevan did not guess the meaning of the words of the other, and, with a questioning look gazed into his face.
"The American, Senor Rupert," explain-

Well, what of him?" "I happened to walk past his house this morning. He was sitting on the veranda,

moking-

Estevan, starting in amazement, interrupted the speech of the lieutenant. Why do you start, captain?" Cadova

asked, in astonishment. You saw the American this morning?"

Estevan questioned. Yes, early; just after sunrise. To tell the truth, captain, I was up late last night with a party of gallants, and I drank more

wine than was good for me. The consequence was, a terrible headache this morning. In order to drive hon, and took a stroll down by the beach, and took a stroll down by the sea wo In order to drive it off, I rose early thought the fresh breeze from the sea would do me good. I saw the American last night about twelve, but my brains were steeped in wine and I was in no mood to talk business; but this morning I improved the op-You saw the American last night about

twelve?" Estevan demanded, utterly bewil-

"Yes," replied Cadova, who could not understand why his words should agitate his officer so strangely.
"I can not understand this," Estevan

murmured, half-aloud and half to himself; "yet if she returned, why not he, also?" What is it that perplexes you, captain?"

the lieutenant asked, unable to guess a reason for Estevan's agitation.
"A thought only; but, go on," Estevan

replied, evading the question.
"Well, as I said: I saw the American sitting on the veranda; so I thought it would be a capital opportunity to arrange that little affair that you intrusted to my charge. I accosted the American and we settled every thing within ten minutes. I found him very much of a gentleman, as is also his second

Senor Andrews."
"The details of the affair are arranged

"Yes; you are to meet on Monday, at four in the afternoon. By that time the dense heat of the sun will have abated. The place, that little glade by the beach, some three miles north, that is called the Indian Camp. Two or three little affairs have al ready taken place there. It is the most suitable spot that I know of."

'And the weapons? "Swords, as you wished."

"That is perfectly satisfactory." "Yes, I thought it would be. Captain, if I might recommend, I'd take a few bouts with the rapiers, just to put the muscles of your wrist in play. This American has the sinews of a giant; he had his coat off and his arm bared; a more perfect development of the muscles I never looked upon. I fancy, too, from a certain carriage of the head, that he has smelt powder, and knows

something of a soldier's life."
"He is a sailor, I believe," Estevan said 'there seems to be some mystery about

"A sailor!" exclaimed the lieutenant, thoughtfully. "Ph lay ten to one, that he is a buccaneer, then; one of Lafitte's gang, the pirates of the gulf, as they are called. He looks like a hardy dare-devil. Take my advice cantain get in practice for upon advice, captain; get in practice, for, upon my word, you'll find that this duel will be

no child's play."

"I will follow your counsel. If you are going to the fort, tell the drill-sergeant to come to my quarters after inspection."
"Certainly; any further orders, captain?"

'No; that will do for the presen The lieutenant withdrew and left Estevan again to his gloomy meditations.

"It would be strange if fate should will that I should fall by the hand of this Amercan. I have but little fear, though. old Spain I bore the reputation of being the best swordsman in the Spanish army. would be odd if my skill should desert me For a moment Estevan was silent. His thoughts went back to the mysterious occurrences of the previous night. "In vain I seek a clue to unravel the tangled skein!

Then; as he glanced carelessly through the window, he saw the graceful form of Isabel moving amid the shrubbery of the

There she is now!" he exclaimed, a sudden thought occurring to him. "I'll seek and question her. Perhaps from her lips I may learn something that may dispel this cloud of mystery that hangs over the events of last night. I will try, whether I succeed

Armed with this resolution, Estevan donned his hat and proceeded at once to the garden. He saw the flutter of Isabel's white dress amid the green foliage. In the midst of blossoms she stood, the fairest flower of

Isabel turned as she heard the footsteps of the young soldier approaching her.
"Good-morning, Isabel," the captain said, doffing his hat politely, as he approached. "Good-morning," she replied, and as she spoke, Estevan could not perceive a trace of

embarrassment in her manner. You are out early. "Yes; the perfume of the flowers is sweetest at morn," she replied, earclessly plucking a rose that grew by her side.

"You do not seem at all fatigued this morning," Estevan said, with a glance full Isabel opened her blue eyes widely and gazed with a look of astonishment upon the

Fatigued!" she exclaimed, an accent of wonder in her voice; "why should I be fa-

The sail you took last night down the bay," the Spaniard said.
"The sail I took?" exclaimed Isabel, in

Yes; which, had it been witnessed by other eyes than mine and my men, who will hold their peace at my bidding, would have sullied the fair reputation of Isabel Morena." A half-frown was upon the brow of the Spaniard as he spoke.

"Sully my reputation," said Isabel, quick-y, a burning blush sweeping over her face. You speak in riddles, senor; I can not un-

"Why do you try to deceive me?" demanded Estevan, scornfully. "The effort is useless. Suppose I was to tell the good people of Pensacola that Isabel Morena spent the better part of last evening in a boat on the waters of the bay in company

with two strangers, what do you think they vould say?"
"They would not believe you," replied

Isabel, quietly. "But they would believe the evidence of some five of my men who also saw you, and with myself, pursued you until you sought

refuge in Bayou Achee, and in the darkness eluded me!" cried Estevan, in heat.

"If report speak true, there are some of the soldiers of the garrison whom the people of Pensacola would not believe under oath. I hope that these witnesses of yours are not gentlemen of a like description," Isabel said, with latent carreagn in her tones. with latent sarcasm in her tones.

"Do you wish me to give the story to the world and prove whether it will be believed or not?" asked Estevan, menace in his Act at your own pleasure," replied Isa-

bel, calmly.

"You do not fear then?"

"Fear!" and Isabel drew up her slight form and gazed with flashing eyes upon the Spaniard. "No, I do not fear aught that your malice may prompt you to do."

"Isabel, I would be friends with you; do not look upon me in the light of an enemy," Estevan said, softly. "What is the use of your denying the truth? By some strange your denying the truth? By some strange chance, you escaped from me last night. The mystery that surrounds your escape can not solve. But, you know as well as I, that you met this American on the beach

last night, then took refuge on board a fishing-boat and put to sea. Do you deny this?"

"And this is your story; suppose I bring forward a friend who will declare that I spent the hours from eight to eleven last vening at her house?"

Estevan was utterly bewildered. For a moment he could not reply. Then he re-covered from his stupor and found the use 'Do you deny that you were on the beach

last night?" he cried. Prove it if you can!" Isabel exclaimed.

Estevan rapidly thought over the situation in his mind. The night was dark, although the moon had shone brightly. Neither he nor his men had approached within a hundred paces of the two who had met on Although he felt certain in his own mind that it was Isabel and the American whom he had surprised and forced to put to sea in the fishing-boat, yet he saw how difficult it would be to prove it, par-ticularly if some devoted female friend of Isabel was willing to screen her.

Estevan bit his lips; he felt that he was beaten, and the thought galled him. "Isabel, I will spare you; but I tell you, frankly, that, so sure as there is a heaven above, so sure will you be mine in the end. Struggle as you will to escape me, all your efforts will be fruitless. Your lover is efforts will be fruitless. Your lover is doomed; no power on this earth can save When he is gone, then, perhaps, you will listen to reason

Estevan turned upon his heel and walked Isabel looked after him, scorn flashing in

her full blue eyes. "He threatens bravely," she murmured;
but let him look to himself. Rupert's arm
is strong; I do not fear but that it will
guard the life that is so dear to me."
Leaving Isabel to dream bright day-vi-

sions of the man she loved so well, and the Spanish captain to muse over his dark plots o remove a hated rival from his path, we will follow the lieutenant, who acted as econd to Estevan

As Cadova entered upon the street, he met the commandante, Don Carlos. "Good - morning, senor commandante," said the lieutenant, saluting.

The commandante returned the salute. He knew the dueling reputation of Cadova well, and, seeing him come from his son's quarters, the old man guessed his errand

When does the meeting between my son and this American take place?" he asked.

The lieutenant fell into the trap, and, thinking that the father knew all the pariculars, he replied without hesitation, and told all concerning the arrangements for the

The commandante listened attentively and when the lieutenant had finished, dismissed him with a sad smile. Cadova little guessed the error he had

"Rash and hot-headed, he's all the mother!" the commandante exclaimed.
"He flies to his death when he seeks to enthe lies to his death when he seeks to en-counter the sword of the American. This is the justice of Heaven. My act killed the mother of this Rupert, and now, in return, he will kill my son. They must not meet.

can and will prevent it."

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 57.)

Won by the Waves.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

EVERYBODY goes to the sea-shore in the immer season. Miss Debby Reeves, therefore, being a most respectable somebody, living in a tidy house of her own in a re-spectable New York street, bundled up herself and her pretty niece, Annie, and arrived at Atlantic City just as the tide of flounces and flirtations rose into full sway, and the demand for habitable apartments was run-

ning the hotel-keepers nearly crazy.

Miss Debby, however, having had the forethought to send down and engage rooms a month beforehand, was disturbed by none of these vexations. Therefore, Miss Debby, her boxes, budgets, bundles, and her blosom-eyed niece, being landed at the door of the Mansion House, there remained only for er to take possession of her quarters and elect a seat at the table with an Episcopal elergyman's family, which, of course, was

ery genteel,
Miss Debby was a maiden lady, of somewhat uncertain age, and Quaker extraction. Though possessed of some quips and cranks hough possessed of some durps and cranks of her own, she had a sensible head and a cood heart, and—considerable money in her tocket. And last, but by no means least, he had, as already hinted, a niece—the orightest, sweetest, sunshiniest little dimpled body in the world! And fitted to make the ucky fellow who happened to be the man f her choice as happy as mortals ever dare

There was a promising young attorney in a New York office who answered to the name of Morton James, who would even ave said more than this for pretty Annie Reeves. So you may be prepared to hear Morton James suddenly discovered that his health was rapidly failing. Needed change and sea-air, in fact; so he forthwith packed

up his traps, forsook the dingy law-office and, to Annie's delight and Miss Debby' consternation, presented himself at the table of the Mansion House, and announced to them that, by dint of great exertions, he had procured a room on the very same floor with them.

with them.

Now, Miss Debby looked on Mr. James with no favorable eye; not because there with no favorable eye; not because there was any thing against him, but because he was of the masculine persuasion, and her abhorrence extended to the whole race of mankind. Her mind was made up that Annie should never fall into the dragon-clutches of any of them. And in view of the facts that she had cared for and protected Annie since the girl was a year-old or han boby, and intended to make her heir. phan baby, and intended to make her herress of her own snug fortune, Miss Debby considered that she had a right to some say-so

in her disposal," However, you know, "man (or woman either) proposes "—and somebody else often "disposes." Annie Reeves was not disposed to be an old maid. In fact, since Mr. Morton James came upon the scene, she showed a decided inclination to take the reins into her own hands, and drive whithersoever she

Good Miss Debby's soul was vexed within her, but she bore up with exemplary patience, until Annie capped the climax by going with Morton James to the lighthouse, and spending a solitary hour romantically leaning over the gallery with him, watching

the moon rise over the sea. Next morning Annie was summoned to judgment in Miss Debby's own room. Miss Debby sat embroidering a dog upon a square of canvas, destined to cover a footstool for the repose of her maiden feet, and certainly possessing the merit of originality, inasmuch as no dog, living or dead, eve could have borne the slightest resemblance to it. This special piece of work Miss Debby was wont to produce when she designed to be peculiarly impressive; so Annie, as soon as she saw it, nerved herself for the

ecture she knew was sure to come.

But Miss Debby expended her eloquence all in vain. Annie would not "listen to reason," and promise to turn the cold shoulder on Morton James.

"Dear! dear! what shall I do?" cried Miss Debby, in despair. "I tell you, Annie, it is an awful thing to be married!"

"How do you know, aunty? "You never tried it," said saucy Annie. "No, I was too wise to try it," returned Miss Debby, with great dignity. "I tell you, child," she repeated, with a solemn shake of the head, "it's an awful thing to

"But it's a great deal awfuller not to be!" retorted Annie.

Miss Debby's hands flew up in horror. "Gracious goodness, child! haven't you a bit of delicacy left?" If this is what Morton James brings you to, I shall do well to separate you, indeed!"

"Aunty, are you through your lecture?
Because it is nearly ten o'clock," said Annie, quietly, by way of answer.
"Well, what if it is nearly ten o'clock?
What is to happen at ten o'clock?"
"Nothing, only I am going to walk on the

"Indeed! And do you propose to go alone, Miss Reeves?"

"No, aunty. Mr. James is going with me," said Annie, demurely.

Miss Debby rose from her chair. "Mr. James! Now, look you, Miss Annie Reeves! If one plan won't work, another will! I don't intend Mr. James shall go with you to the beach to-day. In fact, I mean to go there myself, and to secure your obedience until I return, I shall just take the liberty of locking you in and keeping

And before Annie fairly comprehended what she meant, Miss Debby snatched her hat from the bed, walked out of the room locked the door, and dropped the key in her pocket! Annie sprung up in angry indig ation, and tried the door, but it was actual ly locked, fast and tight—she was a prisoner So, dropping into the nearest chair, she burst

into a passion of angry tears. Presently a firm, ringing step came up the hall, and there was a low tap on Annie's

She rose, went close to the door, and said, softly: "Morton!" Yes. It is time for our walk," answered from outside.

"Oh, Morton, I can't go! Aunt Debby has gone away and locked the door—gone to beach-walking by herself, and oh, Morton! she locked me in!" Locked you in! What for, in the name

"To keep me away from you, Morton!
You know I told you how queer she was."
"Yes; but, see here, Annie, dear, this is a little too much! I won't stand it! There's a transom over this door; can't you climb up to it by a chair, and get through? I'll

help you down."
"Oh, Morton, no! Suppose some one were to come through the hall!"
"Well, I suppose it wouldn't do! Nor it wouldn't be the thing for me to burst the door down, either, and rouse the house. Annie, where did your aunt go?" She said she was going to walk on the

"Well, so am I, Annie; going to beard the lion in her" den, and see if I can't talk

"Oh, Morton, you never, never can!"
"It's worth trying, at all events. Goodby, Annie; somebody is coming up-stairs."
And Mr. James hastened away, before any one could appear and get an idea that something was wrong.

By the time Miss Debby arrived at the

pleasant beach, the cool air had somewhat soothed her ruffled spirits. It was in a com-fortable frame of mind that she settled herelf in a rocky nook, with a book which she had brought for an hour's quiet reading. Had she known that, at the very moment she took her seat, the first wave of the returning tide crept slowly up the sands, she would have sought a safer positon. But she did not know it; the book was very interesting, and the first intimation she got that old Neptune was warning her not to tresspas his dominions, was the wash of a wave over

She sprung up to retreat, but, to her dismay, the sands between her and the shingly beach were covered with water! Now poor Miss Debby was desperately afraid of water and she imagined the waves on the sands to be much deeper than they were. Half dead with fright, she gathered up her skirts, upon which the water was momently encroaching, and shrieked aloud for help. But not even

a solitary fisherman was in sight.
She would have tried to climb the rocks but their smooth sides offered no foothold. And the waves were rising rapidly higher—

she would surely be washed off the rocks and drowned! Would Annie grieve, she wondered? Poor Annie, if she were only here now! If somebody would only come! Again Miss Debby lifted up her voice and screamed loudly for help. And this time aid was near, for a man came hurrying round the rocks, and as he drew near, Miss

Debby saw it was Morton James.

"Oh, Mr. James!" she shrieked, forgetting her animosity in her affright, "the tide has caught me and I shall be drowned! Save

ster's extremity might be his opportunity—instead of hastening to her rescue, he paused, saying, coolly:

"Indeed, Miss Reeves, you are in a bad

A bright idea struck Mr. James-the spin-

box! I would help you gladly if all this water were not between us. Oh! come through it! come through it! You're a man, and can swim! Oh! don't

let me drown, Mr. James! Oh, help me! help me!" 'Impossible, Miss Debby. Don't you see

how the water is rising?"
"Oh, yes, I see! I see! My stockings are all wet! Oh, goodness gracious, I've said stockings to a man! Oh, the water'll be up to my knees next! There, my gracious goodness, I've made it worse! I don't care, either! Oh, Mr. James, for the Lord's sake, help me!"

"I don't see how I can," said the scamp, coolly, "but I'll go back to the hotel and send somebody." "Oh, no! no, no!" screamed poor Debby.
'I shall be drowned like a rat in a tub long

before you get there! Oh, come back, Mr James! Dear Mr. James, don't leave me!" But Morton James kept walking slowly

'Oh. come back! Come back!" velled Miss Debby. "I'll give you any thing I've got in the world if you'll save me!" 'Will you give me Annie?" asked the hypocrite, turning back.

"Good-by, then. If you drown, I can have her, anyhow. Good-by." Just then a great wave nearly threw Miss Debby off her balance.

"Yes! yes!" she shrieked. "Come and save me and you may have Annie!"
"Honor bright, Miss Debby?" cried Moron, bounding through the waves to her side. "Yes! yes! Quick, quick! I'm 'most one!" And as Morton caught her up in his arms and dashed back through the water, Miss Debby gave a great sigh and

Annie had dried her tears and sat by her window when she saw a carriage drive up, and to her infinite amazement, Morton James sprung out and assisted her aunt Debby to alight! She would have flown own-stairs, but, alas, the door was locked. In a moment more, however, it was un-locked, and Miss Debby and Morton James, both dripping wet to the waist, entered the room. And before Annie could open her

lips to ask what it all meant, Morton caught her in his arms, right in aunt Debby's presence, and nearly smothered her with kisses, saying, as well as he could, between them "There, Annie, darling, it's all right, and our good aunt Debby has given you entirely

"Oh, auntie, is it true?" cried Annie, try-

ing to release herself. Yes, yes, I s'pose it is," grumbled aunt bby. "The fellow has made a fool of me, but it's too late now, so I guess he may as well make one of you, too! There, go along, you pair of geese! I want to get some dry clothes on!

Minnette.

BY MARO O. ROLFE.

"Please, sir, give me a penny! Only a The little supplicant looked up into Ralph Ormsby's kind, thoughtful face with a world of tender pleading in her soft brown eyes.
"Only a penny!" the gentle, childish voice aid, and the words went straight to the listener's heart.

She was a pretty, dainty-faced little thing with heavy masses of wavy golden hair fallng in beautiful confusion around her sweet face, with its great brown eyes and rare ipe, pouting lips, parted pleadingly from he pearly teeth, as she held forth her soft little hand for the money.

"Whose little girl are you, my dear?" he asked, kindly, as he deposited a silver-piece in the outstretched hand. "And what is your name?"
"I'm Rubaldo's girl, and my name is
Minnette," said the soft young voice, as the

child dropped the coin into a pocket of her And who is Rubaldo?" "He's my pa; and we live away over there in the very top of one of those tall, tumble-down old houses on Griffin street Oh, you can't think how very far up 'tis!

How old are you, Minnette?" "Oh, I'm five, or seven, or twenty!" she aid, honestly. "I can't count numbers, said. but Rubaldo taught me to count mone You've made a mistake, and given me four shillings. I did think I wouldn't tell youout you're so kind and good! Rubaldo never speaks to me as you have to-day. He beats me sometimes, when I don't get enough money. I wish I had some other little girl's father, and some other little girl had Rubaldo!"

"Keep the money, Minnette; it's all Ralph Ormsby's mind went back, as it had done many times before, to the days when he had hoped that his own little darling might be a comfort and a solace to nim, and the light and joy of his palatial nome. He thought that, if God had spared her to him, she might look like Minnett "Why are you so solemn?" prattled the child. "I hope you ain't sorry you gave me the half dollar."

"I was thinking of my little girl," said he, slowly, not heeding her question. "Have you got a little girl?" said the child, eagerly. "And is her name Nina? Have you got a fittle girl. Same Nina? I saw a lady once whose name was Nina—she was a very beautiful lady—and if I ever have a little girl, I'll call her Nina!"

"I had a little girl once," continued Ralph

Ormsby, "and her name was Effic."
"Effic," repeated Minnette, with slow iteration. "A very pretty name, but I like Nina better. Where is she now?" "She was burned to death—lost in the great fire three years ago!" answered Ormsby, sadly, while a pained look settled on his

"Lost in the fire," said Minette, again repeating his words. "Why, Rubaldo found me in the fire!"

"In the fire! What do you mean, Min-

Yes," said the child, earnestly. "One day I asked him where he got me, and he said, 'Out of the fire, you little Salamander!' but I didn't believe him."

"Where is Rubaldo? Can you take me

to him?" asked Ralph Ormsby, eagerly; for strange, wild hope thrilled him-a hope that his child still lived.
"Yes," said Minnette, "if you will go to

such a place; he's home and very sick. He thinks he's a-going to die, and talks about confessing. Mrs. O'Hadden says people always confess their sins before they die."
"And who is Mrs. O'Hadden?" queried Ormsby, as with Minnette's little hand clasped closely in his own, they went away in the direction of Griffin street, with its

long rows of rickety tenement-houses.
"Oh, she's Irish, and ever so kind," exclaimed Minnette. "She helps to take care of Rubaldo. I'm going to live with her

after he's gone. It was a bleak evening in December, and a wild and fearful night it bid fair to be. The tall street lamps were already lighted, shaking and rattling in the chill north wind, and straggling, feathery flakes, flying hither and thither, told of an approaching snow storm. They walked rapidly on, and soon entered Griffin street. After ascending four creaking flights of stairs, they passed into the little cheerless place which Minnette called "home." It was a bare, miserable

poverty.
On a low couch, in a corner, Rubaldo lay dying, and Mrs. O'Hadden sat by his side triving as best she might to comfort him in

room, and everything bespoke the greatest

If I could only see Ralph Ormsby!" the visitor heard the dying man say in a weak, rattling voice, with a slightly foreign accent. "If I could only see Ralph Ormsby," the Italian repeated, "I could die easier—

oh, so much easier!" Ormsby led Minnette up by the side of the fast-dying man.

"I am Ralph Ormsby," he said, "and I know that this little girl is my daughter; but how she came here, amid such surroundings, and in your care, is a mystery you

must explain."
"Yes," said Rubaldo, speaking with great difficulty, for he was nearly done with life, "Minnette is your daughter. You remember the great fire, how it raged all that long, fearful night, making hundreds of rich men poor, how it swept the whole block, driving beople naked and shelterless out into the pelting storm. I set that fire! I caused all that night's suffering and misery and woe! I could not see Minnette die. She looked too sweet and too beautiful as she slept; so I carried her away from the terrible place and brought her here. I have not taught her evil—she has only learned to

The dying man was silent a moment, then

he said, gaspingly:
"I am going now! Forgive me—and—and let Minnette kiss me before I die! Forgive me, child, forgive me !"

Minnette bent, timidly, and touched her lips to Rubaldo's brow, now cold and damp with the dew of death. There was a gasp—a rattle—and the soul of the Italian had fled. Rubaldo had died

with Minnette's sweet token of forgiveness yet warm upon his brow.
"You are my own darling little girl,
Minnette," said Ralph Ormsby, caressingly,
after all was over. "Are you glad?"
"Oh, so very, very glad?" whispered lit-

tle Effie And so Minnette found a place in the heart and home of the millionaire.

Long years have come and gone since little Minnette begged for pennics on the

treet and Ralph Ormsby found his lost

child but father and daughter often revert

to that day as the happiest one of their lives. The Language of Jewels.-From the most remote period of history, significance has been attached to precious stones, they being supposed to exert a baneful or blessed influence over the wearers. Among other curious old fancies about them is that which connects one with each month in the year, and with all who are born in that month. Thus, to January belong the garnet and the jacinth, which preserves the wearer from pestilence and lightning (rather necessary it the season, in this zone.) To February belongs the amethyst, signifying temperance. It protects the wearer from evil thoughts, and cures or prevents inebriety. It makes him diligent, and procures him the favor of great men. The stone of March is the jasper, which cures hemorrhage when worn or applied to a wound. Those born in April should wear the sapphire, signifi-

cant of purity.

To May belongs the agate, which protects from poison and appeares pain. If single in color, it renders the wearer invincible. June has the emerald, significant of hope, teaching the knowledge of secrets, bestow ing eloquence and wealth. It betrays inconstanct by crumbling to pieces when it can not avert the evil. Achmet Steiram says that "He who dreams of green gems will become renowned, and meet with truth and fidelity." The falling of an emerald from the setting is an evil omen to the wearer. When George III. was crowned a large emerald fell from the crown : America was lost to Great Britain during his reign. To July belongs the onyx, which excites melancholy and vain terror to the wearer, but fortunately the month also possesses the cornelian, which cures these evils, and also secures success, particularly in lawsuits.

To August belongs the sardonyx, which

brings riches to the wearer. To September belongs the chrysolite. To October belongs the beryl or aqua marina, which renders the wearer successful in navigation and insures safe voyages. The opal also belongs to this month, a stone which unites the colors and qualities of all others, and has been beautifully called by a poet and artist "a pear with a soul in it." Its meaning is childlike, fairness and loveliness. November has to-paz, which signifies courage and cheerfulness. It shows the presence of poison by loss of color; it gives light in the dark, and dispels enchantment, if worn on the left arm round the neck. It also strengthens in-

tellect and brightens wit. Those whose birthday is in December have their choice between the ruby, turquoise or malachite, or can wear all three. The ruby signifies passionate love and joy, and gives pleasant dreams: but it shortens the sleep of the wearer, and disturbs the circulation of the blood, inclining to anger. The turquoise is the noblest of the opaque stones, and signifies self-sacrificing love. It appeases hatred and reconciles lovers, and it relieves or prevents headaches.



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Foolscap Papers. To the North Pole.

HAVING been appointed by the Government to act as President of the Commission to visit the North Pole and inspect its resources, preparatory to its purchase by the United States, I proceeded forthwith to construct a vessel of India rubber, for I had read of so many vessels being mashed to pieces between floating icebergs, and my philosophy convinced me that a ship so constructed, although it were mashed flat by icebergs, would sustain no injury, but resume its original shape again. Congress, in acknowledgment of the invention, pre sented me with a gold medal and resolution of thanks. Some people tried to discourage us, but we vowed that we would reach the North Pole or return in the attempt. We set out from New York early in the

spring, without any delay save a little time lost in getting a new man in our vice-president's place-he having accepted an offe to 'tend bar in the city; preferring to remain in a climate that had less cold in it, and a little more of something warm. The sher-iff thoughtlessly held on to the cable a little It was very delightfal to see how we "bounded over the billows." We steered directly for the North Star, and, by the way in which our vessel jumped, we thought we would soon reach it.

When off the coast of Greenland we got squeezed between two mountains of ice.
The vessel came off all right, but three men had to be peeled off the sides of it.

The heat went down to 240 degrees be low zero, but, as I had spent two winters in Vermont, I was not much affected by it. It was so cold that many of our men's tongue stuck to their teeth whenever they touched them, and I was in the habit of getting up in the morning with my nose frozen The very mountains froze into icebergs, and the persons who would purchase territory in that latitude would be the heaviest ice company in the world.

When we had got some distance beyond where anybody had ever been, we had a little freeze one night, and when we woke the next morning we found ourselves frozen in and, as we thought, rather frozen out. had been under the impression that we could get plenty of provisions when we ar-rived at the North Pole station, and consequently failed to lay in a sufficient quantity to last us long; so the sum of it was we ran out of any thing to eat, and were obliged to chew India rubber which we cut from the vessel. It went pretty rough with us, who had always been used to having our meals regularly, whether our landlords got their

In three months' time it took two men to see where one was, and in six months six men had to get into a huddle before they could be seen at all. I remember I got lost, and it was three days before I found myself, although I was on the hunt high and low with a double-barreled microscope, and then I wouldn't have found myself had I not heard myself holloa for something to Oh, it is terrible to think about! would have eaten each other up and made soup of the bones, but there wasn't bones even left of us.

I almost began to despair, and had it not been for the invisible heart beating in my invisible bosom, I would have given up and invisible bosom, I would have given up and sunk under the weight of accumulated misfortunes; but, the hope of seeing the famed of his:

"Can you imagine how you would feel if you had a sister?"

Pole, and the honor of signing the papers for its purchase, thereby conferring a bless-ing on my country which it should never forget, and receiving the thanks of millions yet unborn, etc., etc., kept me alive. I was literally all gone but my mind; I held to that.

Owing to the inefficiency of the postal department in this latitude, we had received no letters from home since we had left, although, by the way, it didn't inconverting the second of them. nience our men very much, as most of them had wives and families at home.

At last, a grizzly bear came near the ship, and, with sixty men, I approached him unperceived, and all of us plunged one lance into his heart and killed and ate him on the spot. This was fortunate, for we were on the point of giving up and returning in triumphant discrace, but this induced us to umphant disgrace, but this induced us to sail ahead in spite of the ise, for the North Pole or the next grocery. By and by we entered the open Polar sea—a sea upon whose breast the foot of man had never trod, and which was composed of pure lager beer, without even a bartender to molest or make afraid. Over this pleasant sea, upon which brooded the sunniest of weather, we sped until we came in sight of the North Pole, looming high up, with the North Star on the top of it. Landing on the platform on which it arose, and on which was a ruined stone hotel, built in long ages agone, by some enterprising Yanfor the accommodation of summer tourists, I took possession of it in name of the American banner and the star-spangled eagle, offering to pay twenty million dollars in return for it to the Polar government, but, as I could find nobody there, I took the money myself, and gave a receipt in full. I nailed the flag to the Pole, and then we returned in great glory by another route, in time to take my place as one of the Com-missioners to Dan Samingo.

The importance of this acquisition to our government can not be estimated in words. Millions of dollars will accrue annually from it, although I don't see how. That a railroad will one day make a station of the North Pole, I believe; and it will be an important point for our vessels to touch at in their passage from New York to Savannah, by way of Behring's Straits. Our country would never get to be great without it; and after we have purchased Dan Samingo, the Maelstrom, and Riparian Jersey City, what more of the world will be left to buy? Take this fact home with you, my dear readers; go to sleep and let it give you the nightmare. Think on it when you arise in the morning, and give it consideration when you go to take a drink before breakfast. Washington Whitehorn.

THE ROAD TO EVIL.

It is a broad and easy pathway, but the descent, though gradual, never stops. The youth, striking into this pleasant, flowery pathway, with free and springy step, goes on, heedless of danger. Like the boy in the fairy story who followed the butterfly, he notes not the road, nor which way his steps are tending, until, at last, he wakes from a wild dream of pleasure, and sees before him a dark and gloomy forest. He turns in terror to retrace his footsteps, when lo! he finds that a terrible steep hill lies before him. Descending was easy, but to ascend requires a moral courage that he does not possess, for the flowery path that he has fol-lowed has lulled it to a deathlike sleep,

from whence there is no awaking.

Fathers, look to your boys! Mothers, look to your daughters! Evil is abroad. It flaunteth through our land, habited in broadcloth and fine linen, silks and satins ; sparkling with diamonds and other precious stones. Trickery holds high carnival with vice, and modest virtue shrinks abashed. Men in high places are branded with crimes that, in the earlier days of our Republic would have given them to the stern grasp of Justice. But now the world laughs bows humbly to these successful rogues, and applauds their deeds.

We say the world; we are wrong. The world at large is still honest and good. Justice is not all a mockery, and there are men and women whom gold can not buy.

The pride and pomp of power does not dazzle them. Beneath the fine clothes they discern the corruption that lurks within the Oh, parents! do not instill into the minds

of your children the soul-devastating motto: The end justifies the means!"
Keep them from the belief that gold is every thing in this world, and that the hu-

man heart is nothing. Many a time since the sun began his course the chains of the captive have more become a man than the laurel crown of the conqueror.

Success is not all in this world! Worship no man because he is rich in gold! Look to his actions. If he is a knave, all the jewels in this life will not hide it, nor save him from the judgment to come

Avoid the common error that riches bring happiness. The rich man often is a slave to the gold for which men envy him. Oftentimes there is far more happiness in

the lowly cottage that nestles under the shadow of the greenwood tree by the yellow wheat-field, than in the marble palace of the millionaire that frowns with closed blinds on the city avenue.

Teach not the doctrine: "Get money; honestly, if you can, but, anyway, get it." It is a false beacon light that lures the bark to the "breaking rocks," not to the harbor Above all, parents, keep your children out

of the streets in the night-time. When the mantle of darkness is o'er the earth, Vice walks boldly abroad in colors that she dares not flaunt in the sunlight.

Encourage innocent and rational amuse-ments. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.

If the children wish to attend some place of amusement in the evening, go with them. Nearly all our public amusements are harmless in themselves; it is the surroundings that are pernicious. The presence of the parents will preserve the children from

But, above all, know where your olivebranches are in the evening. Nearly all that enter the road to evil take their first steps therein in the darkness, not in the light. In the sunbeams they would shrink from that which looks so alluring by night

A WORD TO YOUNG MEN.

I said to a very young gentleman friend, the other day, in reply to a careless remark

"Y-e-s, I think so," was the suddenly so-

ber answer.
"You would guard her innate purity jealously," I said; "you would not wish her to associate in any manner, however slight, with a man who had a taint of evil about him. Can you think of any reason why you should not guard yourself as care-

He confessed his inability, and went away looking sober and thoughtful, remarking that he "didn't know that he had thought much on the subject."

He is only one among thousands. Young men, generally, are too thoughtless on this subject. I speak positively, because their actions give me proof of the truth of my as-

Society grants men many privileges—allows them great freedom of morals. Their character is not of vital importance in the eyes of the world, and among those who avoid evil itself there are many who do not

shun the appearance of evil, nor hold themselves aloof from its searing presence.

Somehow, the idea appears to be widely spread that men and boys can receive no injury from contact with vice. While boys they visit cock-fights and mingle freely with the coarse persons attendant on such interesting doings, lounge about saloons, and attend every street-fight that takes place in their vicinity. As young men they visit the saloons still, frequently not to drink but to see what is to be seen; attend prize-fights and dog-fights; and visit, out of curiosity, houses where no pure-minded man should be found. Yes, really moral men do this, as I before said, out of curiosity! What a strange mind must a man have to stoop to enter such a place from any mo-tive! unless, indeed, it were with a motive of lifting the wretched inmates from their of lifting the wretched inmates from their debased condition. Would any pure woman enter with any other motive? Woman is charged with being possessed of a greater fund of curiosity than man, yet it never yet led her to such a place. Nothing save a desire to benefit the inmates ever called a good woman to these houses, nor would any other motive induce a good man to go there if his mind, from education and habit, had not imbibed a morbid love of the appearance of The really pure, naturally-developed mind shrinks from contact with vice-the silent influence which every person exerts is felt by it; it feels the weight of evil as an actual, ponderable thing, and shrinks from it naturally, as the pure ever withdraws from the impure

Analyze the tendency of men's minds to vile scenes—their perfect freedom and athome air there, and you will find it the result of life-long habit. You will find, also, that there are evil marks as the result of the habit. They may be small—to the eye of the casual observer invisible—but they are there.

But I have followed, as an introduction, a different branch of the subject from the one I wish to speak on particularly. It is all part and parcel of the same thing—the necessarily inevitable effect of the beforementioned cause. The natural outcropping of the widely-disseminated idea that men can expose themselves to evil without in jury, and stoop to trifling acts of a doubtful nature without loss.

For instance: a young man is traveling, and there enters the car, and takes the vacant seat beside him, an over-dressed woman whose face and air at once stamp her as a low character. Perhaps she speaks to him. Is he distant in manner and reserved in reply? No, even though he is a really moral person! He is in no danger, and can ose nothing by an hour's intercourse with her. He replies in a manner that leads her to speak further, is courteous and affable, all the while he feels a secret contempt for her, and is amused at her manner. She gets off at the next station, and—that is all. least so he imagines, but is it? Place his sister in the same position; let a vile man attempt to draw her into conversation, and if she is a true woman, what is the result? Coldness and reserve on her part that repulses his advances. If she were friendly and affable, what would be the brother's feelings could he witness the affair? He would feel uneasy and indignant, and think: How can she stoop to talk with that scoun drel? He is too low for a woman to speak He would feel that her purity was receiving a taint from contact with so low a person — feel that she stooped from her proud position of true womanhood when she put herself on intimate terms with such

Can any one fail to see the onesidedness of this matter? A man is jealous of his sister's purity, and careful that her name is not spoken carelessly among men, but of nimself and his own name he has little care. He not only associates familiarly with evil persons, but he also slimes his purity with vile literature in various forms, as books, novels and sporting papers—matter so low and obscene that he would not for the world that his mother or sisters should know that he possessed such, much less that they should see them. Continually he feeds his mind with gross matter in some form, and no matter in what form it enters, the loathsome serpent Evil leaves its slime.

Young men, think of these things. Mark out the same course for yourself that you wish your sister to pursue. Remember that if in stooping to impure things, however trifling, she receives injury, you in doing the same thing also do. If she is less worthy of reverence because of it, you are, also. Be true to yourselves in every thing. and lofty, truth-loving and truth-living manhood should be the aim of every youth. who possesses it is truly a MAN, than which no nobler name can be given. He respects himself, is respected by all mankind, and has the approval of Cod. LETTIE ARTURY IRONS.

"BE SURE YOU'RE RIGHT." THANK you, Davy Crockett, for giving to the world so valuable a piece of advice. In my heart, I wish travelers in this sphere would follow it. I dislike the person who came to see me once, while I was engaged enning a letter to a sincere friend. It was but half completed, and I laid it aside, to entertain my guest. During the afternoon I was called down-stairs for about five minutes, to attend to some groceries that had arrived. That five minutes caused me much trouble, for my visitor read over my epistle, and reported it to all the neighborhood, that I was engaged! She was sure she was right: was not my unfinished note an evidence of the truth of her assertions? What I had really written was about my exclusive engagement as a writer for a certain paper.

There once lived, in a certain village, a man who was much addicted to intemperate

habits. He invited a friend out to ride with him. A distillery was not far off. The man said he was obliged to go that way His friend excused himself, got out of the sleigh, and returned home, reporting to all he met that Mr. Blank had gone to the distillery to get a drink. It proved to be no such thing, for the man never visited the place, but went to carry some clothing to a poor person. Why couldn't the friend be sure he was right before he "went ahead?"

sure he was right before he "went anead?" Scamps and swindlers are flooding the country with their circulars; people are complaining of how much they have been cheated. I pity and blame them at the same time. If you want to subscribe for a paper, subscribe with responsible indiviluals; if you want to purchase a good ar ticle, be assured you must pay a good price for it. I have a little slip of paper before me, which informs me, Eve Lawless, that, if I will forward \$5.10, a solid gold watch, worth \$36.00, will be sent to me. I don't want to ruin so kind a firm as to do it.

Seriously speaking, can there be persons foolish enough to believe these scamps would ever fulfill their promises? When you are ordering an article, be sure

you are sending to the right person. My friends—who are in that blissful state, known as courtship—in all your bickerings and quarrels, be sure you're right; be not jealous without a cause; don't be too exacting with your lovers; if letters don't arrive at the very date you expect them, girls, re-member it may be more the fault of he

mails than the males. Young housekeepers, a word with you. If you keep a servant girl, and her "feller eats up the cold meat in the cupboard, and she informs you it was "the cat," be sure that such is the case. A lady friend of mine was inclined to think cats were very tormenting animals. She was prone to believe everything she heard to be solemn truth but, when she saw, with her own eyes, her new chambermaid coming down-stairs with a featherbed strapped to her shoulders, and well knowing the featherbed to be her (my friend's) property, it took a great deal of persuasion for her to believe it was all owing to the cat. She is always sure, now,

about things, and she don't keep a cat.

The world is only too fond of gossip, and only too glad to pick a person to pieces. If people were a little more sure that what they said was true, don't you think there would be more happiness and less misery among us? I would not be afraid to wager that there are many now bearing the stigma of shame who are innocent of wrong. Some one may have supposed that they said or did such and such a thing, and reported the same. If they had been sure of what was actually transpiring, it would not have hurt them any. In these remarks, I feel sure I am right. Am I? EVE LAWLESS.

CROAKERS.

I FULLY believe that many a scheme which would have resulted in success, has been spoiled by a set of human beings, who are forever croaking and grumbling. If a club in a village wishes to have a pic-nic, or an excursion these croakers are sure to put in their say, and dispirit everybody, until the affair is given up, the pic-nic spoiled, the company miserable, while the croaker enjoys himself with looking on at the un-

pleasantness he has caused.

Procure a new suit of clothes, and, ten to one, these croakers will say you don't need it. Plan an excursion on the water, Mr. Croaker will prophesy foul weather, and that you will all find a watery grave.

Talk about making a trip to some plea-ant place, and expatiate upon the beauties of the scenery, and the rare good time you expect to have. While you are excited at the anticipation of your visit, you will be brought down by the remark of a discon-tented croaker: "You are not there yet."

tented croaker: "You are not there yet." Endeavor to start a literary or dramatic society, you'll hear them croak: "What's

If they come to that, what is the use of doing anything? Why strive or push ahead? Would it not be better to sit down with arms folded and never undertake any thing for fear failure should result from it Suppose we allowed these croakers to influence us all the time, how would our victories be gained? How would our institutions be raised, or our people educated? No doubt the croakers talked to Noah for building the Ark, but he did not listen to And what was the result? Why, he was saved.

We are all striving to make arks of ourselves, expelling the bad feeling and retaining the good.

But these croakers would have us under take nothing of benefit to ourselves. They'd advise us not to go to sea, because people have been lost there. They think it foolish to write for the press, because there is so much manuscript rejected. They can not believe in progress, and exclude the motto of "whatever man has done, man may do," from the list.

We must not mind these dismal person ages. We must strive and show them that, by perseverance, we can conquer in the end. These joy-killers ought to find a home among the frogs, in some pond, where they can mix with their boon companions, croakers.

EXPRESSION IN THE EYEBROWS.

THE eyebrows are a part of the face com-

paratively but little noticed, though in dis-closing the real sentiments of the mind scarcely any other features of the face can come into competition. In vain the most prudent female imposes silence on her tongue; in vain she tries to compose her face and eyes; a single movement of the eyebrows instantly discloses what is passing in her soul. Placed upon the skin, and attached to muscles which move them in every direction, the eyebrows are obedient, in consequence of their extreme mobility, to the slightest internal impulses. There majesty, pride, vanity, severity, kindness, the dull and gloomy passions, and the passions soft and gay, are alternately depicted. "The eyebrows alone," said Lavater, the prince of physiognomists, "often give the positive expressions of the character." "Part of the soul," says Pliny, the elder, "resides in the eyebrows, which move at the command of the will." Le Brun, in his treatise on the passions, says, "that the eye-brows are the least equivocal interpreters of the emotions of the heart and of the affections of the soul."

PEACE of mind is as essential to health as it is to happiness.

Readers and Contributors.

To Correspondents and Authors.—No MSS, received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS, preserved for future orders.—Unavailable MSS, promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—Book MS. postage is two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, but must, be marked Book Ms., and be sealed in wrappers with open end, in order to pass the mails at "Book rates."—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MS."—MSS, which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS. as "copy;" third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its folio or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS, unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

Will find place for "The Trapped Royalist;"
"The Lettre de Cachet;" "A Woman's Wiles.—
The poem. "Bessie Lee." we return. It is very charming, but we have such a stock on hand that its author would not care to await its turn.—The sketch, "Felicia's Story," we return. It is very good indeed, but, of its kind, we have enough, at present.—Will nee "Rube's White Hoss ov the Pe-rary."
"Over the Falls;" "The Double Surprise;" "The Way the Boys Got their Dinner;" "Bound to a Log."
"Come Again;" "Prince and Pieb;" "A Grave;" "Speak to me, Dearest." The latter is admirably adapted for music. Send it to some music publisher.—We must return "A Goblet of Fire." The writer evidently misconceives the character of a popular story paper. What is sensationally bad is offensive alike to publisher and reader of those popular weeklies which are most widely circulated.—"A Great Heart" is excellent, but is a magazine story rather than adapted to a popular paper.—W. J. B. is correct in his guess as to the author's real name.

The MS, by "Mary B, M." is very imperfect. She

The MS. by "Mary B. M." is very imperfect. She fixes a price to her contribution. Only authors of well-won reputation can do this. No stamps. HENRY G. A DIME NOVEL is not a TEN CENT NOVEL—in character, at least. The only DIME NOVELS are those published by Beadle & Co., who by copyright and trade-mark have the exclusive right to the term. The DIME NOVEL is of Standard Excellence—a substantial wall converse and the standard of the college of o to the term. The DIME NOVEL is of Standard Excellence—a substantial, well-composed and perfectly pure work of fiction, and usually of Historical Fiction, photographing what is peculiarly American and sui generis to our history and civilization. The series comprises many noble works from the pens of our best writers, and well deserves the name and fame it has won, as the cheapest and best Household Series ever given to the reading public. All care should be taken not to confound the series with any of the numerous ten cent novels now before the public. Those who call them "Dime Novels" make a serious mistake.

We return "Which Was Right." The story is we return which was kight. The story is quite good enough for us, but we have no room for it. The author's request for "a line of criticism" we can not answer. It is just as much as we can do to read all the MSS, sent in. To give the whys and wherefores of every rejection would involve more labor than two correspondents could perform. The anthor's hearty word of commendation of the Journal we shall reserve for some future note.

NAL we shall reserve for some future note.

ELSIE GRANT. No, we are not in want of the aid you offer. Few, very few "editorial positions" are to be obtained, and the persons well qualified by education, experience and peculiar fitness for such positions are rare. The number of good working editors in this great city you can almost reckon by your extended fingers. Write for the press, if you will; encourage any talent you may have, for composition; study excellent authors to ascertain in what consists their excellence, and thus take the first steps in learning how to criticise. In this way only, and by long practice, can you become qualified for the editor's desk.

IKE P. L. An army life is every thing but roman-

IKE P. L. An army life is every thing but romantic, and, as a general thing, only the worst characters, or most needy persons, drift into the recruiting offices. The morale of the army service has, of late, immeasurably grown better, but no young man should seek the service who can find any thing else to do.

ASMODEUS. A Commercial College education is all very well, but it no more makes a good bookkeeper than a clean shirt-collar makes a man. Most of our best bookkeepers never spent an hour in a "Commercial College."

mercial College."

Extra asks: "Which produces the most deadly poisons, the vegetable or the mineral kingdom? please answer and decide a small wager." It happens that all the most virulent poisons are of vegetable origin. There is the burning nicotine, and the deadly aconite, which destroys in small fractions of a grain; and strychnine, a fourth part of a grain of which has killed a wild boar in a few seconds; and prussic acid, so prevalent in many botanical tribes. Then, there are the deadly alkalies of hemlock and tobacco, and oxalic acid, of treacherous fame—all derived from the vegetable kingdom. Before the rapidly mortal action of some of the vegetable products we have mentioned, arsenic, that terror of the mineral kingdom, is innocence itself and sublimate is impotent.

CLERK. It is polite when you meet your employer or raise your hat to him, unless you pass him very requently, in which case you need not look directly at him, but pass on quietly.

at him, but pass on quietly.

E. M. inquires for a receipt to whiten the nails. Take didued sulphuric acid, two drachms; tincture of myrrh, one drachm; spring water, four ounces; mix. First cleanse with white soap and then dip the fingers into the mixture. A good hand is one of the chief points of beauty; and this application is really effective.

Doubter. Your statement is not correct. The life assurance tables are prepared with a great deal of care, and in the main can be relied on. Perhaps one of the most remarkable examples of the value of general laws is to be found in life assurances; for what apparently can be more precarious and

of general laws is to be found in life assurances for what apparently can be more precarious and uncertain than the durability of life in any individual? Yet, in the aggregate, mortality is so regular that it has been said by an eminent mathematician, that there is no investment so certain as that of a prudently conducted life assurance society. If we take five thousand persons in the prime of life, six hundred die in the first ten years, seven hundred in the second ten years, eight hundred and fifty in the third. The experience under different circumstances varies but little, as Jenkin Jones, Neisson and Farren have shown; and it is a curious fact that lives which might be called first class are as prone to disease as those which appear to belong hardly to so isease as those which appear to belong hardly to so

high a class.

ALICE asks: "How can I preserve my complexion?" Have you ever heard of Diana of Poictiers, the peerless French beauty, so famous for looking young at fifty years of age? How do you imagine she preserved her complexion? Not by shrinking from air and water. She rose early; applied pure refreshments to her skin; she used no violet and pearl powder, but rode out early while the dew was on the meadows, then returned to a hearty breakfast; she never gave way to flerce feelings but composed herself. We do not say imitate that heartless Diana, but take a hint from her toilette. high a class.

Disna, but take a hint from her toilette.

EGYPT. Hieroglyphics consist in certain symbols which are made to stand for invisible objects, on account of some analogy which such symbols were supposed to bear to the objects. Egypt was the country where this sort of writing was most studied, and perfected into a regular science. In hieroglyphics was conveyed all the boasted knowledge of the priests. According to the properties which they ascribed to animals, they chose them to be the emblems of moral objects. Thus, ingratitude was expressed by a viper; imprudence by a fly; wisdom by an ant; knowledge by an eye; eternity by a circle, which has neither beginning nor end; a man universally shunned, by an eel, which they supposed to be found with no other fish. Sometimes they joined two or more of these characters together, as a serpent with a hawk's head denoted nature with the Supreme Ruler presiding over it. A Munmy is an embalmed body; so called, because of the Egyptian word mum, wax, which is used in embalming. The custom of embalming originated in a vanity amongst the Egyptians of being considered immortal.

tal.

B. E. T. Don't despair because the way ahead looks dark. To succeed we must look despair down, and go forth with the conviction that merit will ever rise superior to oppression, and draw luster even from envy or reproach. The wapors which gather around the rising sun and follow him in his course, seldom fail at the close of it to form a magnificent theater for his reception, and to invest with variegated tints, and with a softened effulgence, the luminary they can not hide. As to envy, remember that "He who climbs high challenges remarks from all;" and if it be surrounded on all sides by the brightness of another's prosperity—like the scorpion confined within a circle of fire—it will sting itself to death.

L. W. McG. Base-balls are sewed with waxed flax thread, such as shoemakers use. No.

HENRY D. Judge Mason, of Virginia, whose death was recently announced, was John Y. Mason, and was the Mason who was captured when en route to England, by Commodore Wilkes, during the War for the Union.

In Unanswered questions on hand will appear ext week.



pay so or not.



THE BRIDAL EVE.

BY CLARENCE ASHWOOD.

Stay, oh, time, thy rapid flight, Linger on thy course this night; Night of sorrow—night of woc-Yet I would not bid thee go; For a deeper grief will come Ere another day is done; Soon, with one I scorn allied; To-morrow—an unwilling bride!

What is wealth and state to me Who have roamed in tancy free, Like the bird from flower to flower, Thinking not of gold or power? Better far my cottage walls Than these gilded palace halls; Soon with one I scorn allied, To-morrow—an unwilling bride!

At my window, hark! I hear,
'The voice of one I love most dear;
In eager tones he bids me come
And share with him his distant home.
"O'er the hills and far away,"
Ere the dawning of the day,
Soon with one I love allied,
A poor, but then a willing bride!

The Mask Unmasked. A HINT TO YOUNG MEN.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"ETHELYN, take my advice in this affair. Gerald Montressor is not the man for you to

Pretty little Ethelyn Lexington shrugged her dimpled shoulders.

"Why not, pray, grave Sir Mentor? I am sure Mr. Montressor is just as worthy as another gentleman I might mention."

She smiled archly in her cousin's face—a proud, stern face it was, too, that Sydney Carlingford had, with flashing hazel eyes that were wearing a gloom in their deeps as he listened, without a smile, to fairy Ethelyn, standing on tiptoe beside him, and yet not reaching to his shoulder.

He was thinking of many things as he gazed steadily down on her arch, sweet face that laughed, and flushed and dimpled un-der those darkening eyes of his; and most of all he thought what a fearful blow it would be to him to give this girl whom he had loved these many years, to such a man as Gerald Montressor.

It would have been bad enough to see her married to any man; but, to this lover of all, it was anguish for him to contemplate it.

And Ethelyn was so innocent, so guilless

that she never dreamed of looking to see if her golden-headed god had clay feet; it was enough that she loved what she saw.

She did love this Gerald Montressor, with all the fondness of her confiding nature; she was immeasurably proud of him, too; for was not he so handsome, so intelligent, so perfectly versed in all the delightful little arts of polished society?

She pitied Sydney—proud silent Sydney

She pitied Sydney—proud, silent Sydney Carlingford, who had worshiped her ever since she had been old enough to send him imperiously on her little errands, and then thank him, with those rare blue eyes, and

that flushing, dimpling face.

She had often thought, before Gerald Montressor had crossed her path, that to be the wife of Sydney Carlingford would be the greatest bliss on earth. But, somehow, she had drifted away from that belief lately, and had freely, honestly come to believe that hers should be a life very far above what Sydney's wife would be; that she

what Sydney's wife would be; that sne would fill just such a position as Gerald Montressor described, so eloquently.

She had sweet dreams, this fair, dove-eyed girl, of the day when Gerald Montressor would ask her to be his bride; he loved her already the heavy begans did not these already, she knew-because did not those te nowers, and the elegant pearl cros he had sent, mean love, and nothing but

Sydney Carlingford came in, grave, stern as ever, one bright, cool April night, when Ethelyn was nestling away in the crimson-curtained bay-window, dreaming as she always was doing, and building such delight ful chateaux d'Espagne.

'You almost give me the blues, Sydney you look so icebergish. Come, sit down, and see if you won't thaw a little." But, if her words were sarcastic, her tone

was kind, even winning, and Sydney's heart throbbed at the very sound of it. It's not the blues, Ethelyn-it's because it hurts me so to know you don't care for me any more. You did once, you know. She blushed painfully, and Sydney thought

what an awkward boor he was. "I don't mean to wound you, my little cousin; you know I'd do any thing to serve you; besides, Ethie—well, I'm so jealous of this Gerald Montressor, that I hardly know what I'm about. And you're too good for him, as I've told you a hundred times. Ethie, it's so plain to me that he's only flirting with you.

Ethelyn's blue eyes opened widely; first wearing an expression of surprise, then a

"Oh! Sydney, you don't mean to say that! you ought not to talk that way because "I'm jealous?" he supplied her hesitating words, with a short, harsh laugh.

"I'm so sorry if you are; so very sorry; but, how can I help it, Sydney?"

Her low, deprecating voice and upraised

eyes were firing that loving heart, but he swallowed down the great lump that was choking him—he forced back the impulse to

kiss those sweet, cherry-red lips. Then again, Sydney, I never could love you if you malign him to me-even if I

knew he was unworthy to be loved by me 'Ethie!" he said, snatching her hands, "your words give me a wild, sudden hope.
May I prove his unworthiness? If I can satisfy you that he is unworthy, will youwill you-love me again?"

But Ethelyn's eyes flashed out.
"You can't do it! Gerald is a true gentleman, and I'll believe nothing against him. I expect him to-night.

She added the last words in a low, decided voice, and Sydney Carlingford rose instantly

"O-h! good-night."
But somehow Ethie couldn't forget what he said while she sat there in the early dusk, watching the stars come out, and waiting

for Gerald Montressor. It was not very long before she heard the

well-known step on the sidewalk, then on the front piazza, and then just beside her; for Mr. Montressor had learned to be very intimate in the Lexington family. "You were watching for me, were you,

This handsome, elegant lover had a lowvoiced, confidential way of saying the most commonplace words, so that they conveyed more than they really meant. Ethelyn flushed up to her very eyes.

"The evening is so delightful, and I'd just finished practicing, because the room was darkening. I'll light the gas now."

Gerald Montressor was a good-looking man, even under the bright rays of the

chandelier, and Ethelyn forgot Sydney Car-lingford's warning as she listened to his gay, affectionate voice, and saw how stylish and nonchalant he was.

"I passed Mr. Carlingford just down the street. He's a curious sort of fellow."
"I think a great deal of cousin Sydney,
Mr. Montressor; he went from here as you

Which accounts for his own grum looks; I suspect he wishes he were as much in fa-

A rather conceited speech, but it failed to strike Ethelyn. Mr. Montressor's faults generally did escape her, somehow.

"You are going to the ball on the seventeenth, of course, Ethie? I fancy it will be a fine affair, massureredes generally are."

a fine affair—masquerades generally are."
"If I can, yes. Sydney is going, and—" "He's not going with you, though, little Miss Ethie, for I shall claim that honor and

pleasure. You'll grant me the favor?"

And Ethelyn, so happy, answered yes.

Mr. Montressor didn't stay long after that,
and Ethie wondered what Sydney would say when he knew that she was going with Mr. Montressor instead of with him, as she had intended.

"I will never ask another favor of you so long as I live, Ethelyn, if you'll grant this

She knew Sydney Carlingford was very much in earnest, because he did not call her Ethie; so she looked wonderingly up into his eyes.

"I ought to know it first; perhaps I can —certainly I will, if it is prudent."

"Then be guided by me for this one night

only, Ethelyn. I want you to let me take another costume for you to this ball, and when I tell you, to put it on. Say, Ethelyn, will you—won't you?"

She smiled at his eagerness, but he shook

"Don't make light of it, my darling Ethie, because I am going to put my happiness for life in the balance to-night. I am going to prove to you that that man is not worthy of you. No, Ethie, don't frown; you must promise this once."

There was something in his eyes and voice that she could not resist; and she promised, while a great, sudden light leapt to Sydney's eyes.

He was whispering lowly as they stood on the sidewalk, waiting for a carriage.

"Sydney, I will be yours—only wait till I get a little over this. You will?"

And when the maid brought Ethie's shawl

to her, as she stood leaning on Sydney's arm, Gerald Montressor, his mask in his hand, came suddenly upon them.

"Why—what the—what does this mean?" He glanced at Sydney's cold face, and at Ethelyn's glowing cheeks and strange at-

"It means, Mr. Montressor," and Ethelyn's voice was sharp and frigid, "that I have heard your gentlemanly remarks in that bar-room about 'your girl,' and as you 'desire a change,' perhaps the sooner the 'game is played out' the better."

And she turned tenderly to Sydney, who assisted her in the carriage.

While Gerald Montressor realized, as many a young man should realize, that the sacred name of the lady who honors him with her friendship, is not to be bandied about in a bar-room by lips flushed and most with lieuor.

moist with liquor. At her parlor door, Ethelyn besought Sydney to enter; and there, at the solemn midnight hour, with her trailing white domino, that Sydney had removed from over his uniform, lying a white cloud around her, she thanked him, on her knees, in her impulsive, charming way, for his solicitude, and promised him the reward he claimed.

A Dangerous Game.

BY TILLIE HARTE.

"So you've thrown her over, Phil? Well,

you ought to be tarred and feathered for breaking her heart so cruelly."
"You really think so?" asked Phil Estey, twirling his heavy brown moustache. "Gracie Clyde's a very nice little girl, Wallace, but I can't see that a fellow is bound to keep an engagement when he has good reason to change his mind. Confound it, Wallace, I'm tired of little Clyde; besides, there's that magnificent Augusta Vane, with eyes like an ebon star, and lips as red as a sun-ripened cherry," and Philip Estey looked the very picture of self-satisfaction as he thus described the lady's charms. Wallace Vernon's forehead was contrac-

ted into a frown. "I don't care if Miss Vane is the greatest beauty in America, and an heiress as well;

and full of curly waves; brilliant scarlet cheeks and lips, with white teeth gleaming between.

She was dressed in a morning robe of white muslin, trimmed with black, and sat in indolent gracefulness, awaiting her ad-

mirer's morning call.
"I wonder if he will propose?" she said, to herself, as a frown gathered on her foreto herself, as a frown gathered on her fore-head. "The game is getting too dangerous for enjoyment; but, if I can only bring him to my feet—only prevail upon him for an early marriage, I am all right! I hardly think they would dare trouble Mrs. Philip Estey as they do Miss Jane Simmons, alias Miss Augusta Vane. My funds are running low, too."

So the heavy meditated, and then her

So the beauty meditated, and then her face lighted up as she heard Mr. Estey's footfall in the hall.

He had but just entered, when the proprietor of the hotel tapped at the door.
"There are two gentlemen to see you, Miss Vane.'

She smiled pleasantly.

'Show them in the private parlor, please,
Mr. Smith, and I'll come down. It is my
brother and brother-in-law," she added,

turning to Estey.

"Not much," interrupted a strange, harsh
voice, and a police-officer entered the room.
She turned deadly pale, and a cold, steely glitter came to her intensely black eyes. Estey sprung to his feet in a passion. "How dare you enter this room uninvited? This is Miss Vane, and she is under my

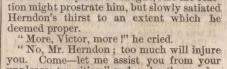
The officer laughed again.
"Well, if you want to protect a thief, all ght!" Then, turning to the woman, he

laid his hand on her shoulder. laid his hand on her shoulder.

"I arrest you, Jane Simmons, for the larceny of a solitaire diamond ring, abstracted from the house of Mrs. Tunis, in New York, while you were in her employ

while you were in her employ!"
A stifled cry came from Estey's lips, and he turned to the prisoner.
"'It is true," she said, calmly. "I see no use of denying it. I am ready to go with you, and I have the satisfaction of knowing and produced the past three months. you can not undo the past three months, whose pleasure I bought with the proceeds of the sale of the solitaire ring."

Philip Estey never quite remembered how or when he went out of that hotel. Several days after he called at Gracie Clyde's house.
"I know I don't deserve to be noticed by you, Gracie, but I want to tell you how I have suffered for my wickedness.



imbibe too copious a draught, lest the reac-

deemed proper.

"More, Victor, more!" he cried.

"No, Mr. Herndon; too much will injure you. Come—let me assist you from your unpleasant position," and as he thus spoke, how his heart throbbed! How the warm blood coursed through his veins! He had sayed a precipical life.

blood coursed through his veins! He had saved a precious life.

"Lord save me!" exclaimed Kraak, as he came forward to assist; "here's the whole of my dream out. Something strange brewing; fearful discoveries, etc., etc., etc. And now, young man, you see, I am more firm than ever in the belief of dreams. So. Now we'll get this gentleman from his horrible bed. Ugh! what a predicament he has been in!"

They gently raised Herndon from out the coffin, placing him upon his feet, and supporting him. When they led him a step forward, a cry of pain was wrung from his lips, owing to the stiffened condition of his limbs.

Victor and the merchant embraced. Their eyes were humid with tears, and their voices choked. It was a picture—the rescuer and the rescued, two men, within a tomb, clasped in each other's arms, weeping like children; while Kraak stood to one side, holding the lantern, whose flickering ray was an auxiliary to the impressive solemnity of the scene; and the superintendent's face was expressive of deepest feeling: the eyes that had so recently started wide open with terror, now half-closed to check the sympathetic tear which trickled in a hot line down

When the first mutual transport was in a measure lulled, they would have entered into explanations then and there; but Kraak

Come, gentlemen, it's a bad omen to spend time talking among the dead. My valuable dream-book cautions against that. So, we'll go back to my little house, where you can talk as much as you please. Come."

Before leaving the tomb, Victor readjusted the coffin-lid; and then they went out, closed and locked the iron wicket, and continued slowly toward the house at the entire of the continued slowly toward the house at the entire of the continued slowly toward the house at the sentire of the continued slowly toward the source. tinued slowly toward the house at the entrance gate-Herndon supported by them,

one on each side.

When they reached the house, the superintendent produced some wine and edibles from a well-lardered closet, and set them before the famished man.

Herndon appeased his hunger and thirst, and at the conclusion of the impromptu meal, a suit of clothes was furnished. A few moments sufficed to change the mer-chant's apparel from that of the dead to that of the living; and, though still very

weak and pale, he gradually regained some-thing of his old vigor.

Then ensued a lengthy conversation and explanation. The merchant told his terrible suffering when, awaking from an insensibility he could not account for, he found himself within the suffocating confines of a coffin. Kraak sat silent, marveling, his mouth opened wide; he leaned forward as if fearing to lose any portion of the recital; his eyes were now enlarged with wonder, as they had been with fright when Victor forced him to the tomb.

Victor Hassan also told his story, narrated his experiences, and brought charge against Hallison Blair for all that had transpired. He made known how the Englishman had declared that Pauline was his, on account of change of determination on the part of her father, ere the latter died, and concluded

by denouncing Lord Blair as the author of all the evil done.

Herndon reflected over the matter long and silently, and was forced to the conviction that Victor's suspicions were well found ed—that it must be Hallison Blair who had

perpetrated all this foul work. But come," said Victor, after a consider-e pause, "what shall be our course now? able pause, Hallison Blair must certainly believe us both dead. What shall we do?—face him

"No, no, Victor; let us wait," and the reply was half-involuntary, as though the speaker was thinking deeply; "I am very weak after the trying experiences I have passed through. My brain is confused. Let us wait awhile. We must now feel our way, for an enemy so unscrupulous would still find means to accomplish his ends if he were to suspect of our existence. He has, doubtless, so covered his tracks, in this desperate game, that, even now, we would be thwarted if we should confront him. I am now resolved upon one thing—to give the villain an opportunity to consummate the villainy he has plotted, that his ruin may be overwhelming. It is the only way, I am convinced, by which we can convict the scoundrel, and convict him I will, at any cost. But secrecy and silence are now all essential, if we would succeed."
"I feel that this is the wisest course, if

we would give the villain his deserts. But oh, think of Pauline's position! Can we not communicate with her?" Victor spoke

with great earnestness.
"We'll see. My heart is heavy for her, but we'll make her happy yet, my boy!" and the merchant clasped the young man's hand fervently.
Victor sighed. To wait now was agony,

but prudence approved the merchant's suggestions; and so it was resolved to seek a secret boarding-place—to let events develop, and to act as the future should determine, but always to be watchful. So, dispatching Kraak for a cab, the two

men bade the superintendent adieu, at early dawn, and driving to the house of Herndon's old servant, they were, by six o'clock, safely domiciled under the wondering but

happy old servitor's roof.

But both men had counted too much on their own strength, for the reaction, after so much excitement, followed; and so utterly prostrated was the merchant that a low fe-ver set in, and a lethargy succeeded which gave Victor the keenest anxiety, and for two days he never left the bedside. A physician was then summoned, and he pronounced the case one of complete nervous exhaustion: absolute rest and freedom from excitement was his only hope.

Ah, how wearily passed the hours to both father and lover! but, had they known all that was transpiring in the Home Mansion, not even that sick couch could have held them prisoners.

The old servant, having been commissioned to watch over the Mansion and to act as spy on Blair's proceedings, kept the two men apparently well informed, and thus, in a measure, allayed their anxiety; but the simple-minded old man was no match for such secrecy and art as Lord Hallison Blair could practice, for he learned nothing of the projected marriage of Pauline, and was

astounded, one day, to see a party proceed



Ethelyn was very fair in her personation of "Undine," and Gerald Montressor, in his elaborate king's suit, was complimenting her as they stood under the gas-jet with the

crowd surging around them. "If you'll excuse me now, Ethie, for an hour or so? You'll find plenty of partners, doubtless. Keep the third Lanciers for me

-don't forget.' He had just disappeared, when Sydney's voice was in her ears.

"Come, be quick, Ethie. In the ladies' dressing-room you will find a page's suit—the maid will help you dress—meet me at the ladies' entrance in ten minutes. I shall wear a white domino, with a black star on the back, over my uniform.

Sydney had whispered hurriedly as he had drawn her toward the door, and almost before she knew she had entered the dressng-room.

She was flurried and feverish from excitement, but her fingers flew, and she was ready in less than ten minutes; then she sauntered carelessly down the stairs, and met the white domino at the foot of the

"Ethie, you will trust me wholly? I am going to take you where you never have been before, but you are safe with me. All I ask is a just reward—you know what that will be if you-"

At that moment Sidney opened the door of the bar-room and the two entered, crowding through, unnoticed among the throng. Ethie was shivering and excited; through her scarlet mask she was scanning the cos-tumes. Yes, there was Gerald Montressor, his yellow satin cape thrown over one shoulder, his mask removed from his hand-

some, flushed face. "What's that you said?"
Ethie heard him plainly as Sydney, and she pushed through the throng nearer to where Gerald was eagerly calling for an

other glass of rum punch. "Oh, my girl, you said? I don't know where she is, I'm sure, nor care much either. That's getting to be a played out game, that a fellow wants a change, you know And he tossed off the liquor at a single gulp. Sydney pressed Ethie's fingers, and they

went out into the cool night air. "Oh, Sydney—take me home; do, please
—I am so—so—" And she began crying

bitterly. I know you are insulted, wounded, mortified; but, God helping me, Ethie, I'll try to make you forget it, if you but give me the right to do so. Ethie, darling, I've watched and waited for this chance-now, am I to be rewarded?"

you've no business to play false to so good and lovely a girl as Gracie Clyde. Just remember, she is a dear friend of mine, Phil, and I don't like to see her treated so."

Estey smoked in silence, and Wallace be-

came more indignant as he warmed into the "Who is this Miss Vane, anyhow? A stranger with a pretty face! And you will desert little Gracie for her—poor, unsuspecting little Gracie? I tell you, Phil Estey, you deserve a cowhiding!"

Estev laughed at his friend's warmth of manner, and arose languidly from the chair. 'I can hardly stand such a scolding. think I will go down to the hotel and solace myself with the company of the charming Miss Vane." And he walked leisurely away, leaving

honest Wallace Vernon to depart instantly for the little rose-wreathed cottage of Gracie Clyde's parents. "It's too bad, little Gracie, I know, but he is not worth these tears," he said, after

imparting the painful news. For Grace had, woman-like, cried bitterly, when she heard of the cruel perfidy of her

"But the shame, Wallace, for every one to know he has given me up!" And the pretty brown eyes filled afresh with tears, while Wallace Vernon's heart was thumping most unmercifully under his

"See here, Gracie; I will tell you how you can fix it. Let you and I be engaged, and you can send a note of dismissal to Mr. Gracie smiled faintly; her heart was very

Well, I will." "And if he returns to his allegiance, little Gracie, you and I will be none the worse for

And so Wallace Vernon took off the ring from Gracie's finger, that fickle-hearted Phil Estey had given as a pledge of undying affection, and placed instead a simple gold

It's funny," laughed Gracie, through her tears, "but, I do hope Phil will come back. Wallace, you'll take the note?" And Wallace carried Phil Estey's dismissal to him, coolly telling him he was engaged

Phil opened his eyes in amazement.

"The deuce you are! Well, I don't know that I care very much. Now for my enchanting Augusta!" A petite beauty, with bewildering sloe-black eyes, and dark skin; hair jetty-black love me, Gracie, and I know you can for-

He took her hands as he spoke. 'Certainly. I'll forgive you, Mr. Estey.' "And love me again? and renew our engagement?"

A little blush crept to her cheeks; she

drew her hands away, and answered, very "That is impossible. I have given my heart irrevocably into Mr. Vernon's keeping; we are engaged to each other."

It was true; they had played at being in love, and it had come true!

Philip Estey went away a wretched, deservedly miserable man.

Hoodwinked:

DEAD AND ALIVE. A Tale of Man's Perfidy and Woman's Faith.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR., AUTHOR OF "RALPH HAMON, THE CHEMIST," "THE WARNING ARROW," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI. A RESURRECTION. WHEN Superintendent Simon Jeremiah Ebenezer Kraak returned to the tomb, Victor had removed the whole coffin-lid, torn away that portion of the shroud which con-

fined the hands, and the latter he was rubbing and chafing.

Receiving the pitcher of water which

Kraak brought, he poured some of the cooling liquid upon the merchant's face, and profusely bathed the pallid temples.

"He is alive," whispered the superintendent, as he gazed in an awed manner at Victoria when the court has been superintendent. tor's proceedings. Now that he saw there was life in the body, he no longer, upon reflection, considered his companion crazy; but waited anxiously, assisted cheerfully the operation to restore Calvert Herndon to

consciousness. Their persistent endeavors were at last rewarded. The merchant opened his eyes, and exclaimed, in a weak voice: "Victor, God bless you!"

Then, as he caught sight of the pitcher,

he started to a sitting posture, and out-stretched his hands toward it in eager pleading; while Kraak, totally unprepared for such a movement, sprung backward, as though a grinning skeleton or hungry ghoul

were about to grasp him. Victor did not permit the rescued man to

from the Mansion to St. Paul's, whither he followed it, and there learning what was to transpire, flew to the sick-chamber to apprise the merchant of the proceeding.

It was a terrible announcement.

"What? Pauline to be married to Lord
Blair?" fairly screamed Victor.

"So the usher told me; and all the servants were there!" said the old man, sadly.

"Oh, Heaven! is this the end for which that villain has plotted?" moaned the merchant, as he sprung up in his bed and at-tempted to arise. Reaching the floor, he staggered, then fell heavily, overcome with

On the bed with him, James!" cried Victor. "Tell him I am gone to the church," and away the frenzied young man went, little caring who saw him, or what might happen.

might happen.

He reached St. Paul to behold the crowd at the door blocking up its entrance. To get in was impossible, but on the hushed air came the words, distinct and solemn: "I pronounce thee man and wife, in the name of the Futher, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. might happen.

"Too late! Too late!" groaned the young man, as he stood there like one stupefied.
"Oh, Pauline! Lost to me—lost!" He struck his hand to his half-crazed forehead.
"The vulture has seized the dove, but I will

throttle the vulture, and save her yet! Yes; lost to me, but she shall not perish."

He was aroused by the pressing backward of the crowd. The usher was opening the way for the bride and groom to pass down the aisle to the carriage in waiting. To act now with prudence was an instinct. Drawing forth his memorandum, the young man penned a few words, tore out and folded the

leaf closely, and pressing up to the footman of the carriage, put it in his hand.

"Give this to the lady as she passes into the carriage, will you? Here is something for your trouble."

The footman, beholding a five-dollar goldpiece in his palm, smiled, and responded with alacrity: "Certainly, sir; with plea-sure, sir!" and Victor hurried on over the way to witness the end.

The bridal-party came forth; Pauline was passed into the carriage by Lord Blair, but her vail caught, as by accident, in the carriage door-knob, and she paused to dislodge it. It was the footman's ruse to get at her hand, into which he slipped the little piece of paper, and Victor's message was safe in

Did she know it was a message from her mysteriously-absent lover that she clasped it so fervently, and looked so inquiringly in-

to the footman's smiling face?

The carriage rolled away, and Victor, with a heart as heavy and yet as hot as molten lead, hastened back to the sick-chamber of the now doubly-bereaved father.

CHAPTER XVII.

ANOTHER DREAM.

BACK again to London. In a quiet section of that vast, overgrown metropolis of the British empire was situated a neat cottage, owned by a widow lady, whose needle and spare rooms were her sole support—the latter generally being let to students who sought the quietude and privacy of the locality in which to pursue, with more ardency, their studies.

At a certain date subsequent to the occurrences set forth in our last chapter, there were three upper rooms in this cottage and

were three upper rooms in this cottage engaged and in use by four Americans, who, for reasons of their own, preferred the humble accommodations provided here to the blazing luxury of a hotel.

It was the close of a fine day, the diamond stars, in myriad number, peeping from their cerulean canopy in merry twinkles, and the bustling widow had just come down-stairs, after having carried the lamps to her guests

In one of the rooms, seated with his el-bows on a table, his chin supported in his hands, and eyes fixed steadfastly upon the pages of a book, was a man whose small stature, spare features, grizzled locks, and genial expression of countenance, at once introduce our bachelor friend of Laurel Hill cemetery, Simon Jeremiah Ebenezer Kraak. The book in which he appears to be so ob liviously absorbed is his favorite Book of Dreams; though, as he sits, seemingly so interested and lost to his surroundings, his mind does not dwell wholly on the printed At least, his eyes have rested, for the last five minutes, on the same word, and a train of thought was flashing through his brain, something like the following:

"So I, Kraak, once a young man, now an old man; once a poor man, then a rich man; blest bachelor state, first a school-boy, then a clerk, then a cook—luckily it was that I learned to cook when I was a boy—at times doing nothing, at times doing something, alternately nothing and something, somehow, with somebody, and again with nobody, for in my youth, my accommodateness in every thing made me valuable; finally a superintendent of graves, a watcher of ghostly flocks, a protector of inanimate flesh from the claws of thieving body-snatchers-I, as I said before, am reduced to a rather odd and enjoyable situation. Here I am; and that's good enough. My board is paid; I've nothing to do; I shouldn't complain, I don't complain, I won't complain. Mr. Herndon —silly man to spend his money on me—has promised me idleness and ease for the rest of my old days. I am simply to swear that I saw Mr. Hassan get the old gentleman out of a coffin. Swear that I saw it with my own eyes. My own? Of course! how could I see with another man's eyes? Umph! Why couldn't I have stayed in America and done this? Isn't there plenty America and done this? Isn't there plenty of paper, envelopes, stamps, ships, mails, etc., etc.? But there's where I'm a fool again! I'm better off in England than in America; not that there's any thing in the change of air, mode of law, or the like—I've heard a great deal of talk about 'dear old England' and that eart of thing but him the heard a great dear of tank about dear old England, and that sort of thing, but what does it amount to? Shucks! Spoiled shucks, at that, as soon as you get there! It isn't like America—the home of freemen, the haven for warm hearts and true souls, a generous refuge from the pricking malice of a royal despot, the fortress to defy the world; ah! me! my country 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty, etc., etc. But it's because I've no marble slabs, and pointed monuments with imitation angels to guard; and when I go to sleep, I don't expect to wake up and find an unrested dead body perambulating at my bedside. I knew by the dream I had that something was going to turn up, and it has—it has! Lord! what strange things have happened since I had that dream! That reminds me, by the way, I was looking for an explanation of the dream I had the other night. It was a

what my book says about it." And arousing from his meditation, he whisked the leaves over in search of something which seemed determined to clude him, and which something, he was sure, was to be found in his valuable Dream Book.

In another room, we find the tidy, pretty-featured Kate, the waiting maid, who saved Victor Hassan's life at the Home Man-

Calvert Herndon and Victor Hassan are seated, conversing, in a third room at the home of the widow.

"We have done nothing yet, Victor."
"No," returned the young man, "nothing at all," his tone low and thoughtful, like his

"And you have seen Pauline?"
"Twice," was the reply, and Victor's face wore a pained expression; "once, I saw her on the drive at Hyde Park; a second time, passing through this very street in her barouche." 'How did she look, Victor? Did she see

"No; she saw me not. Her appearance—alas, my heart throbs when I recollect; for I could not see in Lady Blair the sweet, gentle Pauline, who was once mine. Oh! how my brain whelms with grief!"

"Cheer up, Victor. Do not grow so desponding, my dear boy. I am tortured beyond measure, and you must aid me in retaining mental strength; for, remember, I am older than you, very many years, and besides, Pauline being my own, only, warmly cherished child, my agony of mind is no less, if not more than yours. We shall strike our blow ere long, and crush the villains who have wrought our mutual misery. We shall, at least, see meted out that punish-

ment so justly merited by the wicked. Come, bear up."

Victor arose from his chair. "Let us go out for a walk, Mr. Herndon. I must have some fresh air. I am nearly choked in this confinement. Will you go with me for a short stroll?"

"Yes, yes; I need a draught of the pure air, too. We will take a walk—"
He did not finish his speech, for, at that instant, the door opened, and Kraak rushed into the room, carrying the Dream Book in his hand, and his face betraying a high state

of inward satisfaction.

"Here! Here!" he cried, jubilantly.

"Look! Listen! I've found it—here it is! I knew it was here. I always find it here.

I've got it! I—I—"

I've got it! I—I—"
"What, Mr. Kraak?" inquired Victor, while he and Herndon found it impossible to refrain from smiling.

Why, my dream, of course!" answered aak. "Here it is!" Your dream?" interrupted Victor. "We were unaware that you had had any recent

That's a fact," realized Kraak. "I didn't tell you of it. Well, then, you must know that, night before last—"

"The evening we had the wine in our rooms?" inserted the young man, suggest-

Ay, that was the night," assented Kraak not seeing the point. "I went to bed rather late, you know—hem! rather late—but, then, that hadn't any thing to do with it! I fell asleep in my chair. I dreamed there were a great many packs of cards—all alive! Do you hear that? All alive! And these cards were dancing about, making faces at me. The 'aces' were funny things with me. The 'aces' were funny things with funnier heads; and the 'ten-spots' were rats and spiders, and all that sort of thing. Do you hear?—rats and spiders! Mind. They all jumped—the cards did—trying to break their pasteboard necks; and then settled down to pairs, playing eucher. I was playing, too. We played and played, and I was losing all the time. I looked up, and whe do you suppose I had for an adversary? who do you suppose I had for an adversary But, hear this!" (Reading from the book (Reading from the book 'To dream of cards is an unlucky omen.

Do you hear? Unlucky! Further: 'though this may, in a measure, depend upon the kind of an antagonist you should have.' Antagonist! Mind, now! 'If he or she be good-looking, you may surmount the diffi-culty in store; but, if he or she be coarse rough, ugly, you may safely depend upon a trying experience.' Hear? If your antago-nist is ugly, you'll have hard times. Now, then, we're going to have hard times Why? Because my antagonist was any why? Because my antagonist was any thing but handsome. In fact, it was old Nick, Satan, the devil himself, with horns, fins, claws, cloven feet, etc., etc. Don't you see what's coming? And now, what are we to do? This will come to pass; my Dream Book says so, and it never thes."

The ex-superintendent walked to end from the same and the same

The ex-superintendent walked to and fro in tragic style, his eyes bent upon the paragraph of valuable information, reading and re-reading, as if resolved to commit it to memory, "unmixed with baser matters."

Calvert Herndon and Victor Hassan had found Kraak, with his eccentric moods, and ridiculously grave faith in dreams, intermixed with a humor that never was reduced to absolute seriousness, a pleasant relief to the dull monotony of life which existed to them always; and it was their aim to encourage, rather than be given to fault-finding with the bachelor. So that, on this occasion, they affected a serious consideration of his discovery, lauded the promptness of the Dream Book in explaining dreams, visions, presentiments, and promised to take steps guarding against the pending calamity.

This fully satisfied Kraak, and leaving him to more minutely analyze the vision and its signification, they went out for the stroll which the ex-superintendent's uncere-monious advent had delayed.

As we stated at the opening of this chapter, the section in which was situated the bearding-house, was a quiet one; and now, as they left their rooms and entered the street, there prevailed a pleasant air of soli-tude. They walked slowly and in silence, each wrapt in meditations of his own, and half regardless of the direction they pur-

sued, only intent upon their reflections.

A few blocks were gone over in this manner, when, as they passed beneath a street lamp, they were recalled to a sense of the present, by something that flitted before them, quick, hasty, without a pause, and uttered a slight correct. tered a slight scream.

> CHAPTER XVIII. A MARVELOUS REVELATION.

THAT which darted past our friends, Calvert Herndon and Victor Hassan, so suddenly, so abruptly, like a phantom, was the figure of a woman, whose startled cry and eagerness to flee from them at once arrested their attention

Her flight was a short one. She seemed exhausted, for she clutched at the iron railings before a near house, and then sunk down upon the steps, where she lay motionvery queer one, I think. Let me see, now, less and hardly discernible in the gloom.

As they reached her, she uttered a stifled

groan, and moaned:
"Oh! don't take me! Don't! I was not begging. I—" she evidently imagined them to be policemen, for, happening at that instant to mark their civilian garb, her tone

changed, and she continued:
"Oh! sirs, pardon me. I am starving—dying! Give me food. Give me something

"My good woman," began Herndon, but she interrupted him with: "Charity! Give me food! I am dying!"

and her voice grew fainter rapidly.

"She is dying!" exclaimed Victor.

"Yes, yes. Oh! give me food!" wailed

she. "This will never do," Herndon said. "She must have nourishment. Poor beggar!—strange that the authorities will not provide for you better than they do. But, where can we get you food? We are strangers here."

Raising her arm with an effort, she pointed toward a shop window on the opposite side of the street; but her voice failed her. Victor immediately ran across to the place

victor immediately ran across to the place indicated. On his return, he found a cab standing where he had left the merchant.

"Here, Victor," called Herndon, from the interior of the vehicle. "We are in here. Hurry. She's gasping."

"Give me food!" brokenly plead this charge, so strangely dependent upon their bounty; and the young man, as he got inside, and took his seat, handed her two

side, and took his seat, handed her two loaves and some wine that he had brought. The driver closed the door, and mounting to his box, drove off.

Where are we going, Mr Herndon?"

"Where are we going, Mr Herndon?"
Victor asked, glancing at the starved woman, who was savagely munching the bread, and as eagerly gulping the wine from the bottle—almost checking her respiration.

"To take this woman home," was the merchant's reply. "While you were gone, she told me where she lived, and entreated me to take her there. I thought we could not neglect her—she is in a pitiable condition; not having tasted food for nearly four days; and, besides, she is stricken with disease. The driver has his directions."

The driver has his directions. The carriage rolled on through the streets, a silence reigning among its occupants, unbroken save by the sound of eating and drinking made by the woman, who, to judge by her actions, must, surely, have been without any thing to eat for fully the length of time she had everred. of time she had averred.

So occupied was she, devouring the food, and drinking the strengthening wine, that she could find no words in which to thank

They stopped shortly before a miscrable hovel located in a filthy alley, and where an impenetrable darkness shrouded them.

"Do you live here, my good woman?" in-

quired Herndon. "Yes, yes; help me into the house. I— I'm dying—dying—dying."
They assisted her out, and Herndon sup-

ported her into the crumbling dwelling.
As Victor turned from the cabman, with whom he had been settling, the latter said: "I'd advise ye to be cautious, mister. This 'ere's a bad neighborhood; an' that old nag what's got ye here ain't too good to let ye off 'ithout some harm, or the likes-mind

ow, I tell ve. But, though the caution would have been as a general thing, valuable to one unfami-liar with the countless modes adopted by shrewd villainy for the perpetration crime, in this instance it was not required, for the reason that she whom they had brought there was dying, through dread dis-

ease and gnawing hunger.

"Do not delay! Tell me all! Oh! I
When the merchant entered the foulsmelling room inhabited by this woman, she | which is to tell me of my birth—my parttered away from him, and he heard her fall upon what he judged, in the darkness,

to be a straw mattress.
"There's a table in the middle of the room," she said, feebly. "And there's a candle on it and a tinder-box. You can strike a light. I am dying."

Herndon groped about him and finally succeeded in lighting the miserable dip of

The woman lay upon a ragged mattress in one corner, of what they discovered was a most wretched apartment. Every thing de-

noted poverty and misery.
"What can we do?" asked the merchant 'It will not do to leave her alone, fas sinking as she is."
"I hardly know," hesitated Victor, re

moving his hat to wipe the perspiration from his brow.

Before they could speak further the wo-man uttered a stifled exclamation, and pointed her long, skeleton finger at the young man; while her haggard features became more deathly in hue than they had appeared in the first glimmering of the light.
"Water!" she gasped, at length, sinking back as if overcome by a sudden excite

Victor sprung to a cupboard which, till then, had escaped his notice, and where, fortunately, he found an old pitcher con-

taining water.
This he held to her lips, and sprinkled her face at the same time

She gradually recovered from her faint, and, fixing her dark eyes upon him piercingly, cried suddenly, in a hoarse whisper:

"It's the boy!—Victor! He had that tiny mole in the center of his forchead, and the same eyes and—and—God! have found him at last?"

She closed her eyes dizzily, and after a moment quickly said, interrogatively:
"Your name is Victor Hassan? Tell me—is it not? Say 'yes!" I know you. You are Victor!" That is my name," returned Victor, in

surprise, rising, and going close to her, while Calvert Herndon also drew nearer.
"I knew it must be. God in heaven! this is a mercy! Young man, bare your arm!—bare it! Let me see. Is there not something pricked upon your flesh? Quick!

Victor, bewildered at her mysterious behavior, complied with the request—baring

his arm to the shoulder.

"Aha! there it is. There it is! You are Victor Hassan! You are the boy!" and she sunk back again upon the rough couch, laughing sepulchrally. "Give her water, Victor—quick!" said Herndon, a burning curiosity now aroused within him to know what this forlorn being

That which was displayed upon the young man's arm was a coat of arms, pricked in colors, and beneath it the words: "VICTOR

When the woman recovered from this second insensibility, Victor found voice to

"What do you mean by this? What if I am Victor Hassan? Explain yourself."

"Yes, explain your strange words," added

"Yes, explain your strange words," added Herndon.
"It's Victor Hassan; son of Harold, Lord Blair, Earl of —! How merciful is Heaven to ordain this before I died!"
"Son of Lord Harold Blair, Earl of —!" repeated they, together; and Victor continued: "Woman! do you know aught of my parentage? Speak."
Scanning his face with steadfast glance, she said:

"Ay, I do know of your parentage! What can you remember of your child-hood?"

"Nothing," he answered, excitedly, now kneeling beside her; "not even she who gave me birth. I know when I played in the parlors of a comfortable home in America, where I called a gentleman and lady uncle and aunt. Beyond this, I can not recall a scene. They could never tell me of my parents. Speak, if you know—who was

my father?—my mother?"

"It is the hand of God! I thought you must be dead; but I wasn't sure; and now I'm glad I got ready for this! So! it's Victor? My little Vic. that I used to dance on my knee, and sing lullabys to—how strange!"

strange!"
"Will you explain?" the young man interrupted, impatiently. "You say you knew my parents. Tell me of them! Heaven grant you may live long enough for this!"
"Listen." A strength seemed mustered

Listen." within her that had lain dormant till now and seizing Victor's hand, she whispered, hoarsely: "My name is Sarah Marks. I was your nurse when you, a puny babe, kicked with your chubby feet, and struck about with your dimpled fists. It was nearly thirty-one years ago. How old are you

'Thirty-one," he replied, briefly, leaning

"Yes, that's right. Thirty-one. I told Madge, when I gave you to her, that, if she ever parted with you, to be sure and pin a paper about you, telling your name—for very few people would ever find that name wader your reasons and paper about your people would ever find that name under your arm-and she did it. When I under your arm—and she did it. When I saw her, nearly twenty years ago, she said she had placed you in the entry of a grand house, closed the door, rung the bell, and left you forever. She—"
"My parents?" cried Victor, too excited to calmly hear this prelude.
"Your father was Lord Harold Blair, Earl of ——; and your mother was a

Earl of —; and your mother was a French lady, descended from noble blood. You are heir to-to-give me some water

Hastily drinking from the pitcher which he held to her lips, she continued : "You are heir to the title, and moneys, and estates of that nobleman. You are Lord Victor Hassan Blair, by birth, by the

laws of England. Your place is usurped by my son! His name is Hallison. I did it all. Oh! forgive me for it! What did they hear? Victor Hassan direct heir to the title of Lord Harold Blair? Marvelous! They were mutually astounded. The young man doubted his ears. He gazed incredulously at the woman who called herself Sarah Marks. Herndon's astonishment

was equal to his young friend's. Both were silent. Sarah Marks was panting for breath—struggling against the grip of death which was fast clinching upon her wasted frame. "Woman! do you speak the truth?" Victor asked, when he could command his

speech.
"Look upon me. Don't you see I am dying? Would I dare to lie in this awful hour? No, I speak truthfully. I was your nurse. I can prove what I say. I may die before I finish; but I'll try."

"I have only a few moments left," said Sarah Marks. "Pay attention to what I am going to say. I will prove to you that you are of noble birth—I will tell you how to

prove it to others."

More eager listeners never gave ear than did Calvert Herndon and Victor Hassan to the words of the dying woman as she began her story—a story in which lay the key to Victor's birth and earlier life, and on

which rested the momentous import of his future destiny. (To be continued—commenced in No. 59.)

At Bay;

OR, THE BORDER HEROINE.

BY TOM KEENE.

In a deep valley, situated in the very heart of the Blue Ridge Mountains, James Markham built the home into which he brought his young wife, and there com-menced life amid the hardships and perils of the new country.

The house was of the most primitive char-

acter; huge, strong, unhewn logs formed the walls, rough clapboards the roof, and broad puncheons the floor.

For more than two years the young couple had lived in peaceful security, and there was nothing to indicate that it was not to so continue

One child had been born to them-a beautiful, fair-haired boy, upon whom they layished even more than the love that parents usually bestow upon their first-born.

The Indians, in their wild raids when on

the war-path, had passed by the secluded valley, and the far-famed and dreaded "Robbers of the Blue Ridge" had not yet shown themselves, either by act or in per-

And thus, from long-continued prosperity,
James Markham had come to consider the
rumors of danger and perhaps death as only
the idle talk of imaginative people.
But from this dream there was to be a
terrible awakening. The second winter

had come and gone, and the mild breezes of spring were bringing the buds upon the elms, and causing the mountain slopes and sheltered valleys to put on their garb of green, while already, upon the southern face of the cliffs, wild flowers were timidly putting forth their bloom.

The winter had been an uniquely hard The winter had been an unusually hard

one. Game had been scarce and wild, and often, toward the end of the cold season, the pioneer would return empty-handed from the long hunt over the rugged hills surrounding his home. Even as he found difficulty in procuring game—and it was their main dependence—so did the Indians, and hence they were driven to make more extended inroads upon the settlements and

isolated plantations. But as much as the savages were to be feared, there were others who were becoming more dangerous still.

Somewhere amid the fastnesses of the Ridge" was located the head-quarters of as daring and as cruel a band of men as were ever leagued together for plunder, and murder when necessary, and from this quarter now came the danger that threatened.

The slanting rays of the evening sun were falling full upon the mountain side as a

falling full upon the mountain-side, as a horseman debouched into the narrow path from an adjoining thicket, and shading his brow with his open palm, gazed long and earnestly upon the lovely scene that lay be-

The rude log-house, with its outbuildings, were the only signs of man's presence in the valley, but these seemed sufficient to show the horseman that he was upon the right

'Ah! I thought so!" he muttered, and without pausing further, he gave his horse the rein and began the descent of the hill by means of the bridle-path that wound among

The way was somewhat difficult, but in half an hour the horseman, a young and handsome man, drew up before the gate of

the pioneer's home.

The sharp barking of the house-dog called Mrs. Markham to the door, and instantly a cordial welcome, with a request to alight, was given the wayfarer.

The visitor proved to be agreeable, and, more than all, he bore news from the outside world end it took but a short while for

side world, and it took but a short while for him to ingratiate himself favorably in the estimation of his hostess. The shades of twilight were falling before the pioneer came in from the hills, whither

he had been in unsuccessful pursuit of game, and though much surprised at finding so unusual a visitor, he, too, became quickly interested in listening to the stranger's talk, and it was late before their guest was shown to his sleeping-place in the further end of the building, where a small room had been partitioned off.

For a long time the pioneer and his young wife lay awake, talking of what had been told them by their chance visitor, but at length slumber came to them, and the house was wrapped in profound silence.

And now a singular scene could have been witnessed by one stationed upon the

dge of the timber that came hearly up to The little window that served to light the sleeping-room in which the guest had been placed, was gently raised, and the form of a

man crept noiselessly out.

The quick, sharp bark of the ever-watchful dog was uttered but once. The sound that followed was as though a strong hand had suddenly grasped the animal's throat and stopped the utterance just as it was made

A dull, heavy blow followed, and then a soft, low whistle, and instantly, from the shadow of the outbuildings, the forms of two men stole with noiseless tread to where the stranger stood waiting beneath his win-

But their movements had not been so But their movements had not been so stealthy but that a vigilant ear had heard enough to awaken suspicion. From constantly watching for danger, the pioneer had come to be ever on the alert.

The gasping of the faithful watch-dog as his life was being pressed out by the clutch of an iron hand, was sufficient to tell that something was wrong.

of an iron hand, was sufficient to tell that something was wrong.

Noiselessly leaping from his bed, he took his rifle from the brackets above the fireplace, and was on the point of opening the door for the purpose of inspecting the yard, when a sudden thought seemed to strike him, and he turned to seek the stranger's apartment. As he passed the bed, he leaned his rifle against its foot, and with empty hands passed into the room.

We need not say that he found the trav-

We need not say that he found the trav eler's bed empty. A moment's scrutiny showed that it had not even been disturbed. As he stood, with a vague suspicion of treachery stealing into his mind, the murmur of suppressed voices, so low that he fancied it might be the sough of the wind,

came from without. To creep to the window, which was still open, was but the work of a moment, and then raising himself up suddenly, he leaned far out, that he might both see and hear, as

far out, that he might both see and hear, as the emergency might require.

The movement was a fatal one.
Quick as thought a grip of steel fastened upon his throat, and dragged him outward, but ere the fingers closed he, with the thought of her always uppermost in his mind, managed to gather breath for the alarm. Only once the terrible word, "Murder," rung out, coupled with a word of caution, and their grasp settled down.

Three against one. The contest could but be brief, and in less time than the poor wife. be brief, and in less time than the poor wife, now frantic with terror, took in making fast

ing from half a dozen gaping wounds, either one of which was more than enough to let A few moments of silence, and then came the summons to open the door. With a trembling heart, the wife, paying no heed to the demand, crept to the window from whence the assassin had emerged,

nolding in her hands the rifle left by her She was just in time. Slowly the heavy fur cap, then the fore-head, and next a pair of glittering eyes rose bove the window-sill.

Without a moment's hesitation, the little woman brought the heavy piece to her shoulder, and without aim, trusting entirely to chance, she fired.
Without a sound, the man dropped from

view, with the bullet through his brain; but his place was quickly filled by another, who, knowing the gun to be empty, fancied he But all of the lion in the woman's nature was now aroused. Her husband may be dead, but her child is there, peacefully sleeping, unconscious of all, in its crib beside the bed.

side the bed.

Stepping to one side, and grasping the gun by its barrel, she waited until the man's head was fairly within the room, and then, putting all her strength in the blow, she brought the weighty weapon down.

Again the victim fell without sound, and once more his place was taken but this time.

once more his place was taken, but this time more warily, for, as she struck, the man sprung back and permitted the blow to fall upon the massive logs.

The stock of the weapon was shattered

like glass, and the brave woman saw that she was disarmed, at least as far as using the rifle to fire with was concerned.

But, no! A happy inspiration flashes across her mind. With eager hands, she pours the powder into the barrel and drives the ball upon it.

Feeling secure as to the door, for it is thick and strong, she turns her sole attention to the window.



Upon the backs of the chairs, within the bedchamber, she lays the rifle-barrel, point ing it through the connecting door, and full at the threatened window.

Then, with a burning brand, she stations herself beside the wall, out of view, and waits for the next assault.

There is but a helpless woman within: her sole means of defense has been rendered useless, and there is nothing to bar the way. So thought the villain without, as, with the spring of a panther, he leaps upon the window-sill, holding in his hand a heavy club with which to ward the expected blow. But he blow that came could not be so warded

Even as the robber alighted, the wife applied the burning coal to the open pan.

A brilliant flash, a loud report, and the ball had sped truly to the mark.

With a yell of rage and agony, the villain fell, outward, upon the earth, where the others lay

others lay.

The long, long night wore away, and the

blessed dawn at length appeared.

With trembling fingers, the anxious woman undid the fastenings of the door and ventured out.

A fearful scene met her eves. Her husband, apparently dead, lay near the corner of the house where he had fallen. Scarcely glancing at the others, the almost

heartbroken woman dragged the insensible form within, and laid it upon the bed. The assassin's knife had cut deeply, but not fatally, and although the time was long before he again went out to the hills, vet he did go again, and for many years, always happy to labor for his "Border Heroine,"

The Avenging Angels:

as he was wont to call her.

THE BANDIT BROTHERS OF THE SCIOTO. A BORDER AND INDIAN TALE.

EY THE AUTHOR OF "SILENT HUNTER," "QUEEN OF THE WOODS," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE SILENT CAMP. That night Steve kept watch, and obtained from Martha, who was greatly exhausted, a succinct explanation of the judge's presence so near them. His illness, she saw immediately after their departure, was more mental than physical, and, as soon as the slight paroxysm of fever was over, Mr. Mason calmly, but authoritatively, announced his intention of following in the trail of the Avengers.

Martha would have dissuaded him had it been in her power, but there was something in his eye she did not like, and which showed her that the only safe course was obedience to his will, when at all events she would be

allowed to accompany him.

Accordingly, she prepared a packet of provisions, while he was arming himself with his well-seasoned and long-tried heavy duck-gun, that would hold charges and shot of any kind. In addition to this he took a brace of pistols, a knife, and an ample supply of powder, slugs, and ball which abounded in the cavern home.

Thus accoutered, the two started: the old man taking up the trail with wonderful good fortune, and keeping it with a tenacity which showed that his early education as soldier, hunter, and scout, was by no means

Martha trudged after him, partly impelled by her devotion to the family, and partly by her excessive fear of being left alone—

a weakness common to the fair sex. In this way they had, on the previous even-ing, come in sight of the Indian camp, when the judge waded the stream, and sought the snug retreat where they had found Martha nestled; from this, as soon as a frugal meal had been shared, he issued, with his monstrous weapon, to lie in wait, until a chance offered of putting either an Indian or a ban-dit to death, the two being confounded

thoroughly in the old man's mind.

Martha further added that the judge was most uncommunicative. Altogether her meaning went so far as to insinuate that he was not exactly in his right mind.

Bidding the girl seek her rude pallet and make no further remarks to any one, Steve glided from the clump of stunted oaks and crept down to the bank of the stream, aware that, if the red-skins intended to attack them, they would do so somewhat before

A few minutes before dawn Steve pricked up his ears as a low howl rose from the camp, followed by others, which became every minute louder and louder. Clutching his rifle, the scout listened again, thinking that his ears must have deceived him. The were, however, too experienced for that and next instant Steve rose to his feet, and without precautions of any kind, he stepped into the water and crossed over to the Shawnee camp

As he expected, it was wholly in the hands of the ravenous and hungry wolves of the prairie, which were scouring every corner in search of bones and offal. The Indians had disappeared, leaving not a shred behind.

The wolves slunk away as the tall figure of the trapper strode across the clearing, plainly indicating that no other man was near to interfere with them. Steve, in his own mind, had little doubt as to the cause of this flight. In the first place the double attack, seconded by a mysterious third party of assailants, had doubtless made them consider the whole affair planned, while, in all probability, they believed the number of white men to be greater than it

At any rate the Avengers and Bandits being to all appearance united, were sufficiently formidable to make the retreat of a party who were incumbered with wo men and children an act of prudence on the part of a careful chief.

Steve, however, searched every bush and thicket before he finally made up his mind, and then he sauntered slowly down the lake The sun now rose over the eastern side of the lake, and shed a flood of glorious

light on the placid sheet of water. At some distance were seen under the tall column-like trees a doe and buck, feeding on the lilies which were growing in the water close to the bank. Steve, who knew the importance of fresh meat, was about to paddling, and turning, he saw Kenewa

gliding slowly up in the canoe. The scout waved his hand to him to pause, took a steady sight, brought down the doe, and then, rushing forward to secure his prey he so startled the buck as to make him spring forward and bury himself in the

lake, as he was accustomed to do to escape

startled by the rifle-shot, the deer swam some distance in the water before discovering his new danger. No sooner, however, did he perceive the Indian in the canoe advancing upon him than he faced about as it to return from the water. But Stove steed to return from the water. But Steve stood up and waved his arms on high, which effectually cut off his expected retreat, and sent him back again into deep water, where he at once struck out obliquely for the opposite shore.

Kenewa advanced slowly, lifting his head to examine the distance, as the buck swam past, raising his nose high in the air, eurling the water before his slim neck like the beak of a galley, and throwing his legs forward and gliding along with incredible velocity.

"Strike out, Kenewa," cried Steve, from the shore, "it is a noble buck, and we want fresh meat. Lay out, man, lay out, or he'll

escape you."

Kenewa simply nodded as each moment he increased the speed of his canoe. It seemed to dance on the waves, rising and falling with the undulations made by its own motion. The deer was about forty yards ahead, still cutting the water most bravely, and snorting at each breath with

As the boat neared him the noble beast doubled. But he was no longer breasting the waves with perfect command, but was struggling with the water, his back now

rising to the surface, now sinking beneath it, as the waves curled from his neck.

Kenewa was now no longer the calm and thoughtful brave, but the excited hunter who thinks of nothing but the prey before him. His dark eyes flashed, his visage was all animation, his mouth curled with a pleasurable smile, as the canoe whirled with each fresh evolution of the chase. At times the deer, instead of trusting to cunning doubles and feints, took a straight course, as if to try fair racing with his pursuer. Then it was wonderful to see the little bark skim over the water, soon forcing the animal to turn sharply round once more.

At last the buck turned toward the shore he had left, for which he made with his last energies, Kenewa following fast in pursuit.
"You've given him lake law enough,"
cried Steve; "shall I settle him—eh, Lightot? Speak, or he'll turn like a snake."
"Ugh!" said the Sioux, as he shook his

head; at the same moment the shot was fired, and the deer, hit in a vital part, was scarcely on shore ere he fell dead. While this exciting chase was going on the whole of the Avengers had crossed the stream, and were now standing still, lest they should interfere with the deer-hunt. No sooner, however, was it over than they came up to see what was the meaning of an event which seemed to indicate that they were the sole tenants of the lake and its

"Seems like it," said Steve; "the niggers must have thought we consarted with them robbers, and so they have made tracks to

"They must have a strange opinion of us," observed Roland, gravely, "to think that we could associate with those wretches, to gain any advantage whatever.

any advantage whatever."

"Injine human natur', capt'in, ain't white human natur'; a red-skin will consart with white, blue, or black, to arrive at his ends; and he thinks we will, too. Howsomever, they've slided off, and taken the gals with 'em; so we're bound to have talk as to what is to be done. You, Tom, keep a look-out, while we takes our morning meal; and keep your eyes skinned my hearty or you'll

could take a clear view of the whole environs of the late Indian camp.

The rest proceeded to seat themselves round the smoldering fire of the Indian brave, which was speedily replenished, and turned to good use in broiling venison steaks. The judge, with his heavy gun by his side, sat apart, and did not join in the discussion. He ate his morning meal with apparent calmness and composure, which, however, the glint of his eye thoroughly

Captain," said Steve, when the venison was dispatched, "it is now mighty near time to be acting. What is your idea, sir, of the thing to be done?"

"Follow them to their fastness, if need be any thing, so we recover the girls," replied the leader, with animated gestures. "That's my idea, to a flint," continued

Steve; "so the only thing is to toe the trail and see whar it leads.' "The lake among the Blue Hills," said

Kenewa, quietly.
"Yes! yes! that's Injine natur'. He knows the way of the beasts, and, I dare sw'ar he's right, too; but, what say you, brave of the Hurons, shall we follow the

trail?" continued Steve, laughing.

The Indian glanced imperceptibly at the judge and Martha.

"Right—always right," said Steve, uneasily; "well, what's to be done?" "Gray-beard and squaw go down river, meet us at Blue Fork. Then we all go up river together to lake."

"But who's to paddle 'em, Indian? I want to follow the land trail." "They have no enemy to fear," replied

Kenewa; "we shall be ahead of them; they can travel as in the clearings of the whites." Martha's father was an experienced back woodsman, a good hand at the paddle, and a brave and careful man. It was, therefore, resolved that the canoe, repaired and strengthened, should, under his care, descend the stream—a branch of one of the tributaries of the Ohio-until they reached Blue Fork, where the smaller party were to se-crete themselves in the woods until they

had some certain sign of their friends.

The judge made not the slightest objection to this arrangement, but, still clutching his gun with intense nervous energy, he took his place in the center of the canoe, which crossed the lake to where the stream glided beneath the forest.

The other laborer who had followed the fortunes of the judge now started to bring up the horses, which had been left in a fertile bottom. He was successful in his search, except that one was missing from

"Can those Bandits have been roaming the importance of fresh meat, was about to about?" said Roland. "I wish I was with-take aim, when he heard the faint sound of in reach of the thief."

"Little Bear," replied Kenewa, with a dry smile, "he horse-thief."

> CHAPTER XX. LIFTING THE TRAIL.

Kenewa and Steve, whose horses were led, while they themselves moved forward on the trail as guides, keeping some distance ahead. The line of march of the Indians was, however, so clear and defined that soon all trotted forward at a good pace, the track of Indian march being quite visible from their seat on horseback, as soon as the forest was passed and the prairie reached.

About three hours after midday they

About three hours after midday they reached a spot where the Shawnees had halted near a pool, pitching their wigwams under some trees that rose in solitary grandeur on the plain. They had, however, only paused to eat, and had again made tracks toward the hills, the blue outlines of

which could be seen on the distant horizon. On rode the gallant band, their eyes fixed on every inequality in the prairie, on every island of timber, and on every mound, in the hope that behind it might be concealed

Their progress became slower as darkness crept over the plain; the trail, too, was more difficult to follow, and hence their caution. The Indians, contrary to their usual practice when incumbered with women and children had made forced marches. men and children, had made forced marches, which of itself made the track tolerably plain. Besides, Kenewa had no doubt that a narrow belt of cotton and other trees, on the borders of a stream at no great distance, was the next halting-place.

His previsions were correct, for no sooner did they reach the skirt of the long line of timber, than they were able to trace the rude corral in which the horses had been placed, as well as the situation occupied by the Indians themselves. The shades of evening had fallen, and with them had come a dense had fallen, and with them had come a dense mass of vapor in the shape of fog, which made shelter of some kind both agreeable and necessary. The wind blew unequally, sometimes sweeping heavily along the ground, then, rising into a shrill and mournful whistling, it entered the forest with a rush that filled the air with the leaves and branches it scattered in its path.

The horses were hoppled—that is, their forelegs were tied together, in such a way that any but very slow progress was impos-

that any but very slow progress was impossible—and then all prepared for the night's

Huts were hastily erected, behind which to pass the night; but as all may not know the nature of these simple contrivances to guard against the wind, a brief description may not be out of place. Two sticks, with forks at their upper end, are thrust into the ground, out of which they stand five feet in hight and six or eight feet apart. Then, on the side from which the wind comes, are placed, at a sloping angle, other poles, as near together as may be required, and on these are cast brush, grass, bushes—any thing, in short, that may serve as a wall to keep off the chilly blast.

A fire is then lit on the open side, and

many a worse contrivance for passing a night out of doors may be hit upon. With some grass for a bed, and a log for a pillow, many and many a time have we thus slept, as comfortably as in our more pretentious bed within the four walls of a log-house.

As soon as everything was ready, and the evening meal had been consumed, Kenewa anounced his intention of keeping watch that night; while Roland Edwardes also declared he would do duty on this occasion. The Huron, who in all things yielded to his officer, bowed his head, and the two young men, between whom a great attachmen had sprung up—perhaps because both were in love—moved away from the cheerful fire, to take up the arduous duty of sentries.

have your scalp floating on a pole in two twos, afore you know it ain't a wig."

Tom laughed, threw his rifle up into the hollow of his arm, and took his way to the top of a mound; there, crouching down, he | prairie covered with high grass, then forest, and further still were pine-clad hills.

When the two had reached the summi

and looked down, the stream was placid. The wind had subsided, and the tiny waves were following one another in succession. The clouds, as if wearied of their wild hurry-skurry, were breaking asunder, the heavier ones gathering in black masses above the horizon, while the lighter scud still hurried along or eddied about the tops of the distant mountains. Now and then a red and fiery star could be seen struggling

through the drifting vapor. Roland fixed himself in the same attitude as the Indian; that is, he lay flat upon his face upon the sward, with his rifle close to his hand. For some time he was a rapt observer, his eyes wandering from the prairie to the stream and from the stream to the prairie, while his ear drank in all the many

inexplicable sounds which rose with the darkness upon those vast and extraordinary Kenewa lay like a log of wood upon the

bank, his eyes to all appearance fixed on vacancy, his thoughts far away. The "how-how-how" of the wolves was

the only discordant note in the music of the night, which Roland listened to, under a kind of spell; his thoughts being far away, beside some smoldering fire, within view of which poor Ettie lay, disconsolate and lonely, but surely not thinking of him as he was thinking of her.

All this time Roland was peering out into the deep darkness, the red-skin for the nonce trusting to the sense of hearing as much as to that of sight. Midnight was approaching; that hour when all who are accustomed to regular rest feel more weak and weary than at any other time. Roland. it is true, was a soldier; still it would have been excusable had he fallen asleep at his post, considering the great and incessant fatigue he had undergone during the past

month. But he was determined not to yield, and though now and then his eyes were half-closed, he soon opened them again, and ooked out upon the dismal starlit prairie Presently, while the darkness was greater than usual, Roland fancied he saw a star glimmer very low toward the horizon. watched it for a moment, and then rubbed his eyes to convince himself that he was

Gliding slowly along, now up, now down was a strange and fantastic light, which was clearly moving from south to north, as a will-o'-the-wisp might have done on marshy ground, or as a similar light plays about the vards of a vessel in a storm. watched it with intense interest for some

Then he touched Kenewa lightly on the shoulder. The young soldier believed in his heart that the Sioux, tired by his many and weary journeyings, was asleep, but he never whispered his suspicion to any save Who that one was we may perhaps

THE whole party were now mounted, save | yawn that nearly dislocated his lower jaw.

'Has my pale-face brother discovered any Roland pointed, without a word, to the

distant plain. "Ugh!" cried the Sioux warrior, with a

start, as he gazed at the light.
"Can you tell what it is?" asked Roland, "or is it one of those lights we see in marshes in bad weather?"
"No—horse-thief—fire hunt—white rob-

ber-follow deer!" was the decisive answer of the young warrior.
"Shall we follow and cut them off?" said

Roland Edwardes, boldly.

"Five—six mile off," replied Kenewa;
"prairie quite flat—see a long way—go if captain say so."

"But what do you think?" asked the

"But what do you think?" asked the chief of the Rangers.

"Want to find trail of pretty ones in morning," was the only answer from Kenewa, who spoke broken English to Roland.

"Horse-thieves, sure there."

"Kenewa," said Roland, gravely, "you are about right; but, much as I desire to know which way the dear girls have been taken, I can not smother my hatred of these wretches. You stay to find the trail—I will follow these miscreants. Something warns me. Kenewa, my friend, that I shall act Kenewa, my friend, that I shall act

wisely in so doing."
"Good!" observed the red-skin, who, like all his race, had great belief in presenti-ments; "take Steve with you—prairie all like one—lose your way—never find white

"Your advice is good," observed Roland,
and I will follow it. Send him up here. I will wait."

Kenewa made some guttural and inaudible response, after which he glided back toward the camp for the purpose of finding Steve,

CHAPTER XXI.

ON THE LAKE. When Humphreys received charge of the canoe in which the judge and Martha were to make their journey, he took counsel with Kenewa and Steve for some time after his

departure, well aware that it would be pru-dent to follow whatever directions they gave him. They then embarked, and the boat shot across the lake, though the tendency was upward, or to the west, where

the shore was most bushy.

Their course was continued close to the northern shore, until they reached a point of the lake where the shores were not more than a hundred feet apart, and as the bushes trailed in the water and the tall trees lowered above, it was scarcely possible, in the deep shadow, to detect any opening, but Humphreys soon felt, as the canoe slowly advanced, the sucking of the current, which bore them on beneath an arch of trees, through which the light straggled by casual openings. It was too good a place for an ambush not to make the forest wayfarers cautious, and all held their breath while Humphreys put his paddle in the water, using it only as a rudder, leaving the canoe

to follow its natural impulses. The canoe was kept in the middle of the stream as much as possible, though it constantly had to swerve to the right and left, as snags and other impediments sent it now one way, now the other. With this exception the day glided away unnoticed. The movement of the boat was so even, the scenery so soft and placid, the air so balmy, that the hours passed like the scenes of a summer's dream, and night came before they were aware of its approach.

The canoe was at once stayed, as on the southern bank there was a dense forest of oaks, where they could conveniently halt. A spot without underbrush was easily found, and selected for the night encamp-The surrounding forest was so de and the night so raw and chilly, that Hum-phreys did not hesitate to make a fire, both warm their evening meal and to make a pleasant glow in that dark and dreary spot

of the great prairie wilderness. The canoe was hauled up, and being reversed, with a couple of forked sticks to support it on one side, made a very good night wigwam for Martha, the two men being quite satisfied with the arched roof of the forest for a shelter. As soon as supper was over the two men smoked their pipes, while Martha closed her eyes and fell

nto a dreamy doze. When she rose from this the fire was burning low, the judge leaned asleep against the trunk of a tree, while her father, prostrate on the ground, emitted a volley of sounds that proclaimed him far gone into the land Nod. The girl, rising and creep ing from her shelter, put on some fresh wood, and composed herself at last to

sleep, utterly unconscious that she had already slumbered for many hours. Suddenly, close at hand, behind her, she heard a cautious but heavy step. 'Martha's heart beat wildly, while her ears were bent

to catch the faintest sound. Then the canoe was lifted bodily up from Martha remained silent one moment more.

and then, turning round, she saw Mike Horne, one of the gigantic Bandits, making with the boat hoisted on his left shoul-With a wild shrick Martha rose to her

'Stop, you wicked thief," she said; "put that down, I say.'

"Take that, you chattering magpie!" cried Moses Horne, discharging a pistol at her, and striking her on the arm. Then as hard as he could he ran round the point of a thicket, and buried himself

in the darkest and gloomiest part of the for-(To be continued—Commenced in No. 55.)

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"Remedy."

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Bashful young bachelor.
Charming young widow in black.
Dandy hoop-skirt-maker.
Dear little charmer on mine.
Dere's no mistake in dat.
Dutchmau's lament.
Erin! oh Erin!
Fish-ball Rose (end song., Gal with the Domine mask.
Gin and milk.
Golden-haired Nell.
Huckleberry Kate and Gooseberry Joe.
I am waiting, Allie darling.
I sit beneath the sunbeams' glow.
It hasn't happened yet.
Keno!
Let Erin remember the days of old.
Lumber-merchante of the fair.
The fascinating swell.
The fortune-teller.
The gal that peddled tripe.
The gal that peddled tripe.
The private of the fair.
The fascinating swell.
The fortune-teller.
The gal that peddled tripe.
The valke of Long Barney McShane.
The walke of Long Barney McShane.
The valke of Long Barney McShane.
Tho' the last glimpse of Erin.
Two happy little mokes.
When daylight was yet sleeping under the billow.
When thinking of those who are dearest.
You know how it is yourself.
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MY STUDY.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

The first thing that your eyes behold

On entering, is dust,
Which falls alike, so it is said,
On the unjust or just;
Then seated on a three-legged chair—
The other got knocked out—
You see me looking very grim
For things to write about.

Tot things to write about.

I sit beside a desk that's full
Of scribbled odds and ends,
Fair half beginnings of great things
That promised excellence—
That promised much, but came to naught,
Quaint songs, heart-stirring odes,
The former by the basketful,
The last by wagon-loads.

A lamp upon a crippled stock
That-reels and is unsteady,
An almanac and calendar
To tell when meals are ready;
A dictionary little used
And yet it has its back off;
A paper-knife that's difficult
At times to keep the track of.

Some books, not very new at best,
And neither very many,
With treatises on Saving Grace,
And some to save a penny.
Some novels on the general plan,
And rather mediocre,
Wherein the heroine leaves the man
To marry golden lucre.

Upon the mantel you will see
Rare things of china—broken,
Presented to me years ago,
And each is Friendship's token.
There is a one-armed dancing girl,
Her dainty foot she shows off,
And there's Napoleon looking sad
Because he has nose off.

And there is General Washington With one good shoulder lacking,
And there's the Duke of Wellington
Sick, for his skull is cracking,
And that Newfoundland terrier hound
You see .as run his head off,
And all the spots upon his back
He has begun to shed off.

That old arm-chair beside the grate,
Although it is outlandish,
I can not say it e'er belonged
To that queer knight, Miles Standish.
It once belonged to my grandpap,
The only thing he willed me.
And that's the reason his demise,
So sudden, nearly killed me.

That pencil sketch of New York Bay
Is very fine and watery;
I drew it all myself, that is,
I drew it at a lottery.
And many more things you might see
Within this room of glory—
I'll let some future sheriff give
A better inventory.

The Loyal Dwarf.

A STORY OF CROMWELLIAN DAYS.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

THE sanguinary struggle upon the plains of Naseby, resulting in the irreparable over-throw of the cavaliers, established the su-premacy of Oliver Cromwell, and sent the

captive king to the block.

Dying as became the king of a great people, Charles thought that the immolation of royalty personified would appease the wrath of the Iron Man; but the future proved that kings do not always guess right

that kings do not always guess right.

"We must extirpate royalty," said Cromwell; and, accordingly, head after head of the king's fast friends and tried supporters dropped into the gory basket.

Among the many loyalists marked by the stern Protector for the block, stood Sir Guy de Courcey, an open supporter of the king, and a bitter denouncer of Roundhead misrule. His was the fairest estate in the realm, and he the lover of Editha Surrey, the beautiful heiress of Mossland, once the country seat of kingly ancestors.

The wedding-day of the happy couple was, according to mutual agreement, near

was, according to mutual agreem

Far from London, where the headman's ax was doing the red bidding of Cromwell, Sir Guy forgot his danger in the smiles of

Distance failed to baffle the emissaries of the Lord Protector, for the night before the wedding, the loyalist was arrested in his own castle and taken to London.

An immediate trial succeeded his arrival at the capital, and the sentence of death fell upon his ears in the silent watches of the night.
"To the circular dungeon with the trai-

to "" thundered Cromwell, who had witnessed the farcical trial. "Deliver him over to Saul, the keeper of that lightless place. Day after to-morrow I will see the miscreant

Without having been permitted to speak a word in his defense, Sir Guy was hurried off by two soldiers toward the tower, from whose gloomy recesses his king had lately walked to the block.

The cavalier was conducted down several flights of steps leading into the bowels of the earth, until he found himself in a damp corridor.

"What, ho, Saul !" shouted one of the guards, and from the gloom which the torch failed to penetrate, a hideous creature bounded to his side.

"A bird for the iron cage, Saul," said the soldier, nodding toward Sir Guy.

"A bird, a bird! ha, a king-bird!" hissed the mountain-backed dwarf, snatching the torch from the roundhead's hands, and thrusting it into the prisoner's face. "The thrusting it into the prisoner's face. "The king-bird's cage is empty, and Saul has no one to taunt. Come," he cried, throwing wide the massive steel door, "enter into the darkness prepared for the king and his traitors. Thou canst cleave the blackness with

thy sword, and erect a throne of gloom. Glad to escape the fiendish cachinnation of nature's abortion, the doomed cavalier sprung into the dungeon, and the door closed behind him with an unearthly clang. Locking the door, Saul delivered the pon

derous keys into the hands of the soldiers, who bore them to Cromwell. To doubly guard against the escape of Charles' truest advocate, the Protector would hold the keys himself.

Immersed in the almost palpable gloom of the circular dungeon, the young cavalier dwelt upon his situation. He thought of the eternal blasting of his own and Editha's brightest hopes. Never, alas! he thought, would he fold her to his heart a blushing bride; never again hear the voice that was fairy-like music to his ear.

Oh, it was maddening to think thus. In his frenzy he darted forward, thinking

of freedom and Editha. He brought up against cold and clammy plates of polished iron. He turned and walked in an opposite direction. Iron again! The dungeon floor was iron, and

his was an iron couch, devoid of straw. Upon the latter—the only furniture the cell contained—Sir Guy threw himself, completely exhausted, and Morpheus closed his

Hour succeeded hour and still the pris-

oner slept. Suddenly he was awakened by—he knew The floor of his prison seemed to be

The floor of his prison seemed to be gradually settling—noiselessly, yet surely—deeper into the earth.

Sir Guy sprung from the iron bed!

His senses had not deceived him—the floor was perceptibly settling.

Deeper and deeper, until at last the silent movement ended, with a shock that stunned

the cavalier. What would come now?

The mental question was answered immediately. An iron door flew open in his very face, and the dwarf stepped to his side with a flambeau.

'Ha! ha! ha!' laughed Saul, noticing Sir Guy's astonishment, "king-birds seldom take flight into the womb of the earth, don't they, Sir Guy de Courcey? Hark! hearest not thou the rush of icy waves? They toss about a boat which waits for thee."
"For me!" cried the cavalier. "Saul,

what meanest thou?" Again the dwarf laughed.

"Editha wears the bridal robes," he replied, at length.

"Come, come, Sir Guy, to

"The dwarf is crazy," murmured the prisoner; "but I will follow him. And if he seeks my life, by the blood of the king! I will plunge my good blade into his body. If I have to die, I want to perish like my

"Come to the bridal," cried the dwarf, with manifest impatience. "The minutes fly, and soon Editha will doff the bridal jewels. Saul will not betray thee. He wept an ocean of tears when the martyr

Charles died." Without hesitation Sir Guy followed the dwarf, who closed the iron door after them. The chamber in which the cavalier found himself was filled with strange machinery, which lowered and elevated the floor of the

circular dungeon.
"This is the work of these hands," said Saul, pausing a moment, for the purpose of elevating the floor to its true place. "I also constructed the dungeon. Cromwell and his minions know naught of this chamber. When the king was condemned, I importuned the warden of the Tower to place him in the circular dungeon; but he would not. I would have rescued Charles, even as I

"You see, 'twur durin' the 'cold winter,' es we all calls it—the year '47, you remember—an' me an' Bunk Conley, an' sum more uv the boyees, war over in Painter Run, ar-

"The Injuns war awful thet winter, fur you see, ther warn't no game; 'twur all frozed out, an' so the imps war continerly on the rampage arter suthin' to eat, an' the

"We had our camp in a clump o' timmer 'longside uv the run, mebby as much as fifty yard off, but clost enough to make it easy

Well, boyees, I little thought that 'ere little sarcumstance would be the means uv savin' Old Dave's ha'r—I means the crick—but it war, an' I'll tell you how it

war. "Airly one mornin' one uv the lads kim t'arin' into camp with word thet he hed see'd a passel uv buffler over onto the side uv the range, an' es rump-stake hed been a sca'cety, the whole lot uv 'em war fur litin' out arter 'em immejiately.

"Off they went, leavin' me to look arter things 'bout ther camp, as it chanced to be my day fur thet duty.

my day fur ther camp, as it chanced to be my day fur thet duty, "Ther' warn't much to do, 'cept lookin' arter my old pea-shooter, an' I soon had her in order, an' then I stretched out fur a nap. I must 'a' slep' powerful, fur when I woke up the sun war nigh down, an' no sign uv

the boyees.
"Thinks I, the bufflers ar' skittish, an' hev gi'n 'em a race fur it, an' with thet I picks up the tin an' starts down to ther run

to git some water.
"You see, the ice war on, an' thick, too, an' we hed cut a squar' hole into it so es to make it handy.

"Wall, I got down to the crick, an' war jess stoopin' over to scoop up a tinfull, when I chanced to throw my left eye down the run to'ards the timmer below the camp, when what sh'u'd I see but the greasy top-knot uv a red-skin bobbin' up an' down behind a mydroet buch. hind a muskeet-bush.
"The imp hedn't see'd me, thet I know'd

"The imp hedn't see'd me, thet I know'd, fur he war watchin' the camp, thinkin', I reckin, thet whoever war about war thar, an' nowhar else. I know'd I war in a fix, fur ther' warn't a bush, nor a rock, nor nuthin' thet I could git fur cover closer'n twenty er thirty yard, an' to break an' run fur it war sartin death.

"Jess then I see'd another one on t'other

'Jess then I see'd another one on t'other war sarcumvented all roun'.

"You see, the way the boyees kim to not run into the trap war, they diskivered the trail an' smelt a mice, an' went back arter the soldiers thet war camped over at Live Oak Valley. 'Twur lucky they war thar, er else my standin' sentry wouldn't 'a' did no good—which it didn't ennyhow, es fur es I could see."

The Fatal Arrow.

BY CAPT. "BRUIN" ADAMS.

"YES, stranger, thar ain't no mistakin' the fact that them Seminoles fou't better, an' fiercer, an' longer, considerin' the'r numbers, nor did enny set of people on the airth afore or sence.'

The foregoing positive assertion was made by an old hunter, Lank Brady, as we slowly floated down the St. John in his dug-out, on our way back to camp after a pleasant day's

We had been talking of the Seminole war, and I soon saw that the old fellow's admiration for the tribe who had once trod the soil as its possessors, was as genuine as it was unbounded.

He looked upon them as great warriors— men who fought and died rather than yield, or suffered such hardships as would have made death preferable—and respected them

accordingly.
"But, they was like all Injuns, an' they would take advantage of ye, if they could. Look yander, stranger; do you see them old mounds and piles of rocks and the like? Well, that was onc't a kind of a fort for the sojers when the war was goin' on, an', right thar, or clost by, I see'd a Seminole chief play the slickest dodge that ever got into a human critter's noddle.

"The fort was a right smart chance of a affair, had a cupple of brass cannin, and mebby as menny as five and forty sojers to garrison her. The thing was built to purtect the river, whatever that mout 'a' meant, but, accordin' to my thinkin', it had all it could do to purtect itself.

"You see, thar ain't no timber close 'round, that belt yander, which you see on the rise, bein' the nearest, an' it's about a mile, I jedge."

Well, twic't a week a party of the sojers would take the'r axes and go over to the timber and chop wood enough to last till next time, when they'd go ag'in. They al-



THE LOYAL DWARF.

Guy were threading the underground corridors, leading to the Thames.

At last a gust of cold wind fanned their faces, and a moment later they stood upon the banks of the historic river.

A boat lay at their very feet.

The loyal dwarf sprung into it and seized an oar. Sir Guy followed his example, and without accident gained the opposite shore To his astonishment, he found a horse tethered at the water's edge.

"Mount and ride to thy bridal," said Saul.
"The night is far spent, and with the dawn the door of the round dungeon will fly open. But Cromwell will find the nest of the king-bird empty; ha! ha! ha! But go, Sir Guy, and God go with thee!"

Embracing his deformed deliverer, and throwing a purse heavy with golden guineas at his feet, the cavalier mounted the fiery steed, and rode off like a blast of Boreal wind.

He spared not horseflesh that night, and managed to reach Mossland against dawn. Weary with waiting for her lover, Editha had just doffed the bridal robes, and the dis appointed guests were departing. Sir Guy's arrival changed the aspect of affairs. Editha resumed the gay habiliments, and the ceremony was performed.

Well aware of the fact that his escape would soon be discovered, and that he would be pursued, Sir Guy fled to France the day after the wedding, accompanied by his bride Cromwell was amazed at the escape of his enemy, and the search which he instituted revealed the secret chamber; but be fore he could arrest the loyal dwarf, the brave fellow was crossing the channel in an

He subsequently rejoined Sir Guy on French soil, and when England's crown rested upon the head of Charles the Second, returned to his native country with the hap-

Camp-Fire Yarns.

Old Dave Arnold's Yarn.

BY RALPH RINGWOOD.

"STANDIN' sentry, boyees, ar' lonesom' bizziness, ennyhow, er ennyways, but I t. el you thet I one't stood sentry under sarcumstances—er ruther under suthin' else as war a dang sight wuss—thet would 'a' made one uv you youngsters wish ye war at home 'longside uv mammy. I did thet.

"You see, I war layin' down, flat, by this time, tryin' to screw myself into the groun', fur I couldn't, nohow I could fix it, see how the blazes I war goin' to git outen the scrape. By-em-by I see'd two more uv 'em, an' they war creepin' up, all the time watchin' the camp, you see.
"I knowed ef I stayed thar much longer,

I war a goner, sartin, an' all uv a suddent like, a ideer popped into my head.
"I warn't long actin' onto it, an' begin
by crawfishin', feet fo'most, to'ards the water-hole, draggin' the tin arter me.

"When my feet struck the damp I like to hev backed out instead uv in, but I know'd 'twur my on'y chance, an' so kep' on. "Lordy, boyees, but it war cold, an' no mistake! Down I went, an' purty soon thar warn't nuthin' stickin' out but my nose an'

"Well, boyees, frum that 'er hole I lay an' watched the imps a-drawin' closer an' closer in onto the camp, an' arter a while they all riz with a whoop, an' made ther

"They calkerlated on a fight, I know, but they war disapp'inted, fur thar warn't a livin' soul to hinder 'em frum doin' jess es

'Mebby I didn't cuss when I see'd 'em rummagin' the traps an' layin' holt uv the pelts! Every feller uv 'em hed es much es he could make way under, an' when they got through, they went to work to lay out fur the boyees when they shed come in from the tramp arter bufflers.

"Well, thar them imps lay, an' thar I lay, all thet blessed night, an' the fellers never showed up, ha'r nor hide.

"''Twur a powerful oncomfortable bed, you kin bet it war, an' I thought, long to'ards mornin', thet I'd her to give in, but I didn't, an' so stuck it out till the sun begin to red up the sky atop uv the trees in the

"I war about played out, an' anuther half-hour would 'a' finished the bizziness, when all et onc't I heard a yell, an' hyar kim the boyees, with a lot uv blue-coat cavalry 'long with 'em, chargin' an' t'arin' 'mong the redskins like a passel uv mad bald hornets. You oughter see me kim outen thet water-hole! I war madder'n the whole lot uv 'em put together, but my legs warn't no 'count, an' jess doubled right under me.

They war cramped like, you see. "Well, it didn't take 'em long to wipe the varmints out, an' then they kim an' tuck me in hand, an' sot to rubbin' an' pourin' in the

whisky till I war blind drunk.
"Thet limbered me out in a hurry, an" then I took a nap fur a couple uv days.

lers had the guard 'long with 'em, and the waggins to fetch the wood back.
"One mornin' the choppers left the fort,

guard, teams and all goin' arter the wood. At this point the old hunter ceased paddling, and turning the bow of the canoe up-stream, held her stationary while he went on with his story.

"You see, the big palm, or ruther a clump of 'em, thar a leetle to the right. Well, they stand about four or five hundred yards this side of the timmer, and right thar the road makes a suddin bend around a thicket and then goes straight off ag'in. That mornin', jess as the guard had turned the crook, whizz came a arrer out of the bresh. and down went a sojer, with it a-stickin' out on both sides of his body. The poor feller never even know'd what hurt him.

"The s'argent was a good 'un, and it warn't many seconds before he had the thicket surrounded and s'arched.

"It warn't no use. All they found was a log-pen, kivered over with boards, and when they peeked in, thar lay a dead Injin, as looked an' smelt like he'd been dead a year. "Some of the men jabbed a bagganet into him, but he never bugged. He was dead,

"Well, they give up the s'arch, and when they went back that evenin', they carried the'r dead comrade along an' buried him alongside the fort. But, it didn't stop at that "The very next—detail, they called it—that went out, lost another man jess the

same way, and at the very same spot whar t'other 'un fell. The arrer come whizzin' out of the

bresh, and that was all they know'd.
"They s'arched ag'in, but all they found was the dead Injin, who lay thar jess as nateral as ever. "Now, stranger, that same thing happened five times, and then the sojers begin to

git scart. Onc't or twic't they had sent out a squad afore day to surround the thicket, quiet like, and watch. "On them occasions all went right enough, but, the first time they went by without doin' that, a sojer was sartin to

"I happened to come down to the fort bout that time, and the major at onc't put at me consarnin' this mnrderin' of his men.
"I told him not to say nothin', an' that arternoon I went out and had a look at the

ketch a arrer.

"It wur jess as they had said, an' arter seein' as I thought, all that could be seen, I was about startin' back when somethin' ketched my eye.

"I was standin' percisely on the place whar all the sojers had drapped, and was gazin' round, idle like, and thinkin', when I diskivered thet I could see the corner of the log-pen whar the dead Injun lay, and that, from thar to whar I stood, was a clean openin' through the bushes about a foot

wide. Thar wasn't even a twig in the way.
"Now, this mout 'a' been nateral; I've seen menny sech, but, somehow, it didn't look so. I went to work and examined them bushes, and soon saw whar a limb, here and thar, had been cut smooth off. Then I goes to the pen an' looked for signs, an', sure enough, thar was a trail, but a powerful light one, leadin' away from the place in a

opposite direction.
"That was enough for onc't, an' arter kiverin' up my tracks—they was different from the sojers, you see—I went back and told the major to keep still, that it would be

"The second mornin' arter that was the reg'lar wood day—they called it—an' I told the major to send the men out as usual, and I would see they didn't—none of 'em—get hurt. Well, the night afore, or 'twur night mornin' bein' about three o'clock, I crept outen the fort and went over to the thicket. "I had picked my tree before, and so didn't have no trouble, but went right up the big palm, clear to the top, and got into

a fork among the big leaves.

"From whar I sot, I had a perfect sight of the pen whar the dead Injun was, and

"Day broke at last, and by and by the sun got up fairly, and afore long I saw the sojers come marchin' outen the fort.
"What puzzled me was, that I hadn't seen my game yet. As soon as 'twur light

I never took my eye offen the pen, but still nary a living thing had I seen. "I begin to think that thar wouldn't be no fun that day, and so turned round and watched the sojers, who, by this time, had got a'most up to the turn in the road: "I could see 'em gettin' skittish like, and the way they did roll their heads around

and watch was a caution!

"But, they had got orders to march straight ahead, as if they warn't afeard, and I will say that they did first-rate.

"As the head man come up to the crook, I sorter turned, and throwin' my rifle for-'ard handy, fixed my eye onto the pen.
"And I warn't none too soon.
"First I saw a board sorter raise up, as if

somebody was pushing his back ag'in it to lift it off, and through the crack I ketched sight of a brown arm, and a minnit after I saw the arrer poke out between two of the logs.
"That was it, an' it was jess as I had

guessed it was. "The Injun was inside the pen and did his shootin' from thar.

"But, I did mine first, for, jess as I saw the arrer draw back, I let drive through the crack at the vill'in's shoulder, and from

the yell that follered, I know'd I hadn't missed my aim.
"By the time I had slid down, the sojers war all round the pen, and when they pulled off the top, thar war two dead Injuns in

"I went to work to find the imp's hidin'place, an' whar do you think it war? Why, right under the dead Injun, who, you know, is allers kinder lifted up offen the ground.

"Thar was a place mebby a foot and a half high, an' in thar he would crawl arter shootin' a sojer, an' lay still ontill they'd all

cl'ared out. "Now, that's what I call a slick dodge; but, it took a mighty brave man to parform

Beat Time's Notes

THE last load of wood which I got, got ne. They should use it on the Erie road for the purpose of making steam, for ninetyfive parts of it are water. The last warm day my wife put some of it in the kitchen stove and it nearly froze us all to death, and she made the ice cream in the oven—it was a regular refrigerator. There was a cord of wood in the first place, and to kiln-dry it, by piling it up and making a fire under it in the yard, I burned three cords and a half of better wood. If I had enough of it I would build the best fire-proof house in the State. I should think that it had been drying at the bottom of the Atlantic ocean for the last twenty centuries, with rain falling all the time. The thermometers in our neighborhood are all down to zero, and that wood has chilled our neighbors against us. I don't know that I shall ever meet the man I bought it of on this earth again, for I verily believe that, after selling it to me, he went into the wilderness and hid his face from the sight of men, but I remember him in my prayers, praying that the wood which will contribute to his amusement after he dies may be better seasoned than this he sold to

I was one day traveling in a foreign land when an elephant got after me, and I ran up a tree; then that rhinoceros climbed up one side of the tree and I climbed down the other; when that lion came down after me and gave chase, and just as that tiger was about to spring at me I dodged, and that leopard went clear over me; then that kan-garoo got up and made at me again, and gaining on me that wolf caught my arm, when I struck the monkey with a club and he let go, and the dog having one eye knocked out by the blow I gave him, came on again, and by another blow I knocked that cat's tail clear off, but the rat didn't mind it but med another charge and with mind it but made another charge, and with one fell swoop I mashed that bed-bug flatter than a split pancake, so I did.

THE young man who made a mistake and put a love-letter addressed to his girl in the letter he sent to me, is earnestly requested to send stamps and I will return the same. The sentiments of the letter are pure, no doubt, but the grammar is bad, and needs thrashing like blazes. It is about like all the other love-letters that come to me (by mistake) and contains about as much love as, if brushed up into a dust-pan, would stock a Mormon elder. It is so tender! still, if the postal department is very careful, it might not fall to pieces before it would reach its original destination, though it would be a little old; but love knows no dates. The next letter you write I would advise you to send to the House of Correction, and by no means send it to me, as my wife is now at home!

If any man thinks himself a "horse" I would advise him to hitch himself to a wheelbarrow and have the conceit taken out BEAT TIME.

